"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."—Macauley.

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:

Memoirs of Mrs. Maverick..... 1
Lehmann, the Indian..... 8
Hunting the Gachupin.....10
Two Men Desperately Wounded.....12
Indans of Polk County.....14
The Old Frontier.....16
Preachers and Wedding Ceremonies....20
Buried Treasure in Hamilton County....22
Nomadic Navajos of "Bad Lands"....24
Pioneer Days in Burnet County.....25
Adventures of Jack Dobell.....28
Writes of Other Days.....32

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Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

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in the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES—which affords us a chance to explain a few matters of importance about these facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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FRONTIER TIMES
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS
Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement
Vol. 2—No. 5 FEBRUARY, 1925 $1.50 Per Year

Memoirs of Mrs. Maverick

Mrs. Annie E. Brown, who lives near Bandera, and is now in her eighty-seventh year, has kindly loaned us a book, entitled "San Antonio de Bexar," from which we have taken the following extracts from the Memoirs of Mrs. M. A. Maverick, widow of Samuel Agustus Maverick, for many years one of the leading citizens of San Antonio. The Mavericks were intimate friends to Mrs. Brown, and the book from which these extracts were taken was presented to her by Mrs. Maverick.

Samuel Augustus Maverick was born July 23, 1803, at Pendleton, South Carolina, of distinguished revolutionary stock of English and Hugenot extraction. Mrs. Maverick was an Adams—the Massachusetts family transplanted to Virginia and intermarried with a Lewis of that state. Mrs| Maverick was married August 4, 1836, near Tuscaloosa, Alabama, her mother's home. The family started for Texas October 14, 1837, Mr. Sam Maverick being then a baby of five months. Mr. Maverick, senior, had been in Texas in 1835, and his friends thought him killed in the Alamo fight. As a record of old time traveling, and to illustrate the upbuilding of the Southwest, their progress to the Lone Star State is of interest in these days of fast flying express trains and automobiles. Mrs. Maverick says: ick says:

"Father accompanied us half a day. We traveled in a carriage, Mr. Maverick driving and nurse Rachel and baby and myself the other occupants. In a wagon with Wiley as driver was Jinny, our future cook and her four children. We reached mother's (near Tuscaloosa, Alabama, from Pendleton, South Carolina) about the last of October, and stopped with her several weeks making final preparations. December 7th we set out for Texas. Our party was composed of four whites and ten negroes. The negroes were four men, Griffin, Granville, Wiley and Uncle Jim; two women, Jinny and Rachel, and Jinny's four children. We had a large carriage, a big Kentucky wagon, three extra saddle horses and one blooded filly. The wagon carried a tent, a supply of provisions and bedding, and the cook and children. We occasionally stopped several days in a good place to rest and to have washing done, and sometimes give the muddy roads time to dry. We crossed the Mississippi at Rodney, and Red River at Alexandria, and came through bottoms in Louisiana where the high-water marks in the trees stood far above our carriage top, but the roads were good there when we passed. We crossed the Sabine, a sluggish, muddy, narrow stream, and stood upon the soil of the Republic of Texas about New Year's Day, 1838.

"January 7, 1838, we occupied an empty cabin in San Augustine, while the carriage wheel was being repaired. This was a poor little village principally of log cabins, on one street, but the location was high and dry. We laid in a supply of corn and groceries here and pushed on through Nacogdoches to the place of Colonel Durst, an old acquaintance of Mr. Maverick. There we met General Rusk. We now had to travel in occasional rains and much mud, where the country was poor and sparsely settled and provisions for man and beast scarce. We, on advice, selected the longest but best road, namely, the one leading by the way of Washington, high up on the Brazos. From Washington we went to Columbus on the Colorado, and thence about due south towards the Lavaca River. Now came a dreadful time. About January 26th we entered a bleak, desolate, swampy prairie, cut up by what are called dry bayous, and now almost full of water. This swamp, covered by the Sandy, Mustang and head branches of the Navidad, was fourteen miles wide. Every step the ani-

mals took was in water. We stalled in five or six of the gullies and each time the wagon had to be unloaded in wind, water and rain, and all the men and animals had to work together to pull out. The first "norther" struck us here, a terrific, howling north wind with fine rain, blowing and penetrating through clothes and blankets. I never before experienced such cold. We were four days crossing this fourteen miles of such dreadful swamp. The first day made three miles and that night my mattress floated in water. No one suffered from the exposure, and Mr. Maverick kept cheerful all the while. Our provisions were almost gone when, on the 30th, we crossed the Navidad, stopping at Spring Hill, Major Sutherland's place. Mr. Maverick now went on to see if it was safe to take us to San Antonio, and visited other points with a view of settling, especially Matagorda, where he owned land.

"At Major Sutherland's boarded Captain Sylvester, from Ohio, who had captured Santa Anna after the battle of San Jacinto. I attended a San Jacinto ball at Texana on April 21st. Here, too, I met old Bowles, the Cherokee chief, with twelve or thirteen of his tribe. After tea we were dancing when Bowles came in, dressed in a breech cloth, anklets, moccasins and feathers, and a long clean white shirt which had been presented to him in Houston. He said the pretty ladies in Houston had danced with him, kissed him and given him rings. We, however, begged to be excused, and even requested him to retire. He stalked out in high dudgeon, and our dance broke up. Bowles told us of President Houston living in his Nation, and that he had given Houston his daughter for a squaw, and had made him a big chief.

"June 2nd we set off for San Antonio de Bexar, in those days frequently called Bexar. June 12th, late in the afternoon, we reached camp again, and were loading up to move two or three miles further to a better camping place, when several Indians rode up. They said, 'mucho amigo,' and were loud and filthy and manifested their intention to be very intimate. More and more came, until we counted seventeen of them. They rode in amongst us, looked greedily at the horses, and without exaggeration annoyed us very much. They were Tonkawas and kept repeating 'mucho amigo,' telling us further that they were just from the Nueces, where they had fought the Comanches two days previously and gained a victory. They were in war paint and well armed and displayed in triumph two scalps, one hand and several pieces of putrid flesh from various parts of the human body. They were to be taken to the tribe, when a war dance would ensue over the trophies, and they and their squaws would devour the flesh. I was frightened almost to death, but tried not to show my alarm. They rode up to the carriage window and asked to see the 'papoose.' I held up the baby and smiled at their compliments, but took care to have my pistol and bowie knife visible and kept cool. I kept telling Griffin to hurry the others, and Mr. Maverick worked cooly with the rest. Jinny said, 'Let's cook some supper first,' and grumbled mightily when Griffin ordered her into the wagon and drove off. Imagine our consternation when the Indians turned back and every one of the seventeen followed us. It was a bright moonlight night and finally the Indians, finding us unsociable and dangerous, gradually dropped behind."

On June 15th, 1838, the travelers reached San Antonio, having left home October 14th of the previous year. While Mrs. Maverick was at Spring Hill, Mr. Maverick made one journey back to purchase household effects in New Orleans. Mrs. Mavrick goes on to describe the San Antonio of the period and gives a charming picture of the society of the little coterie of Americans then living there.

"Early in February, 1839, we moved into our own house at the northeast corner of Main and Soledad Streets. This house remained our homestead until July 1849—over ten years—although five of the ten years, those from 1842 to 1847, we wandered about as refugees. The main house was of stone, and had three rooms, one fronting south on Main street and west on Soledad; also a shed along the east wall of the house toward the north end. This shed we closed in with an adobe wall, and divided it into a kitchen and servants' room. We also built an adobe room for the servants on Soledad street, leaving a gateway between it and the main house, and we built a stable near the river. We put

a strong picket fence around the garden to the north, and fenced the garden off from the yard. In the garden were sixteen fig trees, anl many rows of pomegranates. In the yard were several china trees, and on the river bank, just below our line on the De le Zerla premises, was a granl old cypress which we could touch through our fence, and its roots made ridges in our yard. It made a great shade, and we erected our bath house and wash place under its spreading branches. Our neighbors were the De la Zerdas. In 1840 their place was leased to a Greek, Roque Catahu, who kept a shop on the street and lived in the back rooms. He married a pretty bright-eyed, laughing Mexican girl of fourteen years. He dressed her in jewelry and fine clothes and bought her a dilapidated piano. He was jealous and wished her to amuse herself at home. The piano had the desired effect, and she enjoyed it like a child with a new trumpet. The fame of her piano went through town, and after tea crowds would come to witness her performance.

"Our neighbors on the north were Dona Juana Varcinez and her son, Leonicio. She sold us milk at 25 cents per gallon, and spring chickens at 12½ cents each. Butter was 50 cents per pound. When we returned from the coast in 1847 she had sold her place to Sam S. Smith. My son, Lewis Antonio, was born in this house of ours, and until quite recently, I was of the opinion that he was the first child of pure American stock born in San Antonio. But now I understand that a Mr. Brown came here with his wife in 1828 from East Texas, and during that year a son was born to them. That son, John Brown, is said to be now (1890) a citizen of Waco.

"Mr. Maverick was a member of the volunteer company of Minute Men, commanded by the celebrated Jack Hays, an honored citizen of California. He came to Texas at the age of eighteen and was appointed a deputy surveyor. The surveying party frequently had brushes with the Indians and on these occasions Jack Hays displayed marked coolness and military skill, and soon became by unanimous consent the leader in all encounters with the Indians. There were from fifty to seventy-five young Americans in San Antonio at this time, attracted by the climate, the novelty or by the all-absorbing spirit of land speculation. They came from every one of the United States. Many had engaged in the short and bloody struggle of 1835 and 1836 for the freedom of Texas. Some possessed means and others were carving out their own fortunes; all were filled with the spirit of adventure and daring and more or less stamped with the weird wildness of the half-known west. They were a noble set of boys, as they styled one another, and were ever ready to take horse and follow Hays to the Indian strongholds. They accomplished wonders, for in a few years they crushed the Comanche Nation and the country around San Antonio became habitable. The signals for their expeditions were the ringing of the Cathedral bell and the hoisting of the flag of the Republic in front of the Court House.

"In November, 1839, a party of ladies and gentlemen came from Houston to visit San Antonio. They rode on horseback. The ladies were Miss Trask of Boston, Mass., and Miss Evans, daughter of Judge Evans of Texas. The gentlemen were Judge Evans and Col. J. W. Darcey, Secretary of War of the Republic of Texas. Ladies and all were armed with pistols and bowie knives. I rode with this party and some others around the head of the San Antonio River. We galloped up the west side and paused at and above the springs long enough to admire the lovely valley of the San Antonio. The leaves were almost all fallen from the trees, leaving the view open to the Missions below town. We galloped home down the east side, and doubted not that the Indians watched us from the heavy timber of the river bottom.

"In the fall of 1839 or 1840, eighteen dead bodies were brought in from the edge of town and laid out in the Court House. They were the remains of a party who had been surprised and cut off while out riding, a Mr. Campbell alone escaping by the fleetness of his horse. The bodies had been found naked, hacked with tomahawks, and partly eaten by wolves."

Mrs. Maverick was an eye witness of the terrible hand-to-hand conflict with the Comanche braves in 1840. The fight was nothing less than Homeric. We give it in her own words:

"On Tuesday, March 19th, 1840, (dia de San Jose) sixty-five Comanches came into the town to make a treaty. They

brought with them and reluctantly gave up, Matilda Lockhart, whom they had captured with her younger sister in December, 1838, after killing two others of the family. . The Indian chiefs and men proceeded to the Court House, where they met the city and military authorities. The jail then occupied the corner formed by the east line of Main Plaza and the north line of Calabosa (now Market) street, and the Court House was north of and adjoining the jail. The Court House and jail were of stone, one story, flat roofed, and floored with dirt. Captain Tom Howard's company was at first in the Court House yard. . The Indian women and boys came in there too and remained during the pow-wow. The young Indians amused themselves shooting arrows at pieces of money put up by some of the Americans. I adjourned over to Mrs. Higginbotham's, whose place adjoined the Court House yard, and we watched the young savages through the picket fence.

"This was the third time the Indians had come for a talk, pretending to seek peace and trying to get ransom money for their American and Mexican captives. Their present proposition was that they should be paid an enormous price for Matilda Lockhart and a Mexican they had just given up, and that traders be sent with paint, powder, flannel, blankets, and such other articles as they should name to ransom other captives. This course had been adopted once before, and when the traders reached the Indian camp the smallpox broke out amongst them, and they killed the traders, alleging that they had introduced the disease to kill off the Indians. After the slaughter they retained both the captives and the goods. Now, the Americans, mindful of the treachery and duplicity of the Indians, answered as follows:

"'We will, according to a former agreement, keep four or five of your chiefs and the others of you shall go to your Nation and bring all the captives here, and then we will pay you all you ask for them. Meanwhile, the chiefs we hold we will treat as brothers, and not one hair of their heads shall be injured. This we have determined upon, and if you resist our soldiers will shoot you down.'

"The above ultimatum being interpreted, the Comanches, instantly, and as one man, raised a terrific warwhoop, drew their bows and arrows and commenced shooting with deadly effect, at the same time endeavoring to break out of the Council Hall. The order, "Fire" was given by Captain Howard and the soldiers fired into the midst of the crowd The first volley killed several Indians and two of our own people. Soon, all rushed out into the public square, the civilians to procure arms, the Indians to escape and the soldiers in close pursuit. The Indians generally struck out for the river. Some fled southeast towards Bowen's Bend, some ran east on Commerce Street and some north on Soledad. Soldiers and citizens pursued and overtook them at all points. Some were shot in the river and some in the streets. Several hand-to-hand encounters took place, and some Indians took refuge in stone houses and closed the doors. Not one of the sixty-five Indians escaped; thirty-three were killed and thirty-two were taken prisoners.

"Six Americans and one Mexican were killed and ten Americans were wounded. Our killed were Julian Hood, the sheriff, Judge Thompson and an attorney from South Carolina, G. W. Cayce from Brazos, and one officer and two soldiers and one Mexican whose names I did not learn. Those severely wounded were Lieutenant Thompson, a brother of the Judge, Captain Tom Howard, Captain Matt. Caldwell, a citizen volunteer from Gonzales, Judge Robinson, Mr. Morgan, a deputy sheriff, Mr. Higginbotham, and two soldiers. Some others were slightly wounded.

"When the deafening warwhoop was sounded in the court room. it was so loud and shrill, so sudden and inexpressibly horrible, that we women, looking through the fence cracks, for a moment could not comprehend its purport. The Indian boys, however, instantly recognized its meaning, and turning their arrows upon Judge Robinson and other gentlemen nearby, slew the Judge on the spot. We fled precipitately, Mrs. Higginbotham into her house and I across the street to my Commerce street door. The Indians rushed by me on Commerce street and one reached my door and turned to push it, just as I slammed it to and beat down the heavy bar. I rushed into the house and in the north room found my husband and my brother Andrew sitting clamly at a table inspect-

ing some plats of surveys. They had heard nothing! I soon gave them the alarm and hurried by to look after my boys. Mr. Maverick and Andrew seized their arms. Mr. Maverick rushed into the street while Brother Andrew into the back yard where I was, now shouting at the top of my voice, 'Here are the Indians! Here are the Indians!' Three Indians had gotten in through the gate on Soledad street and were making towards the river. One had stopped near Jinny Anderson, our cook, who stood bravely in front of the children, mine and hers. She held a great stone in her hands, lifted above her head, and I heard her cry out to the Indians: 'G'way from heah, or I' smash yo' haid wif dis heah rock!' The Indian seemed regretful that he hadn't time to dispatch Jinny and her brood; but his time was short, and pausing but a moment, he turned and rushed down the bank, jumped into the river and struck out for the opposite shore. As the Indian hurried down the bank my brother ran out in answer to my loud calls. While the Indian was swimming, Andrew drew his unerring bead on him. Another Indian was climbing the opposite bank and was about to escape but Andrew brought him down also. Then Andrew rushed up Soledad street looking for more Indians.

"I housed my little ones and then looked out of the Soledad street door. Nearby was stretched an Indian, wounded and dying. A large man, an employe of Mr. Higginbotham, came up just then and aimed a pistol at the Indian's head. I called out, 'Oh, don't he is dying!' and the big American laughed and said, 'Well, to please you I won't; but it would put him out of his misery.' Then I saw two others lying dead near by.

"Captain Lysander Wells, about this time, passed by riding north on Soledad street. He was mounted on a gaily caparisoned Mexican horse, with silver-mounted saddle and bridle, which outfit he had secured to take back to his native state on a visit to his mother. As he reached the Verimendi house, an Indian who had escaped detection, rushed out from his hiding place, and jumping upon the horse behind Wells, clasped his arms and tried to catch hold of the bridle reins. The two men struggled for some time, bent back and forwards and swayed from side to side, until at last Wells managed to hold the Indian's arms with his right hand and with his left to draw his pistol from the holster. He turned partly around, placed the pistol against the Indian's body and fired—a moment more and the Indian dropped dead to the ground. Wells put spurs to his horse and did good service in the pursuit.

"I had become so fascinated by this struggle that I had unconsciously gone into the middle of the street, when Lieutenant Chevalier, who was passing, called out to me: 'Are you crazy? Go in or you will be killed!' I obeyed; but my curiosity and anxiety again got the better of me, and I peeped out on Commerce street where I saw the dead bodies of four or five Indians. It was dark when Mr. Maverick returned.

"Several incidents occurred soon after the fight of the 19th which are worth narrating. On March 28th, 250 or 300 Comanches under a dashing young chief, Isimanica, came close to the edge of town, where the main body halted while Chief Isimanica and another warrior rode boldly into the public square and circled around the plaza, then rode some distance down Commerce street and back, shouting all the while, offering to fight and heaping abuse and insults on the Americans. Isimanica was in full war-paint and almost naked. He stopped quite awhile in front of Bluck's saloon, on the northeast corner of the square. He shouted defiance, rose in his stirrups, shook his clenched fist, raved, and foamed at the mouth. The citizens, through an interpreter, told him that the soldiers were all down at the Mission San Jose de Aguayo, and if he went there Colonel Fisher would give him fight enough.

"Isimanica took his braves to San Jose, and with fearless daring bantered the soldiers for a fight. Colonel Fisher was sick in bed and Captain Redd, the next in rank, was in command. He said to the chief: 'We have made a twelve days' truce with your people, in order to exchange prisoners. My country's honor is pledged, as well as my own, to keep the truce, and I will not break it. Remain here three days, or return in three days, and the truce will be over. We burn to fight you.' Isimanica called him liar, coward, and other opprobious names, and hung around

for some time; but at last the Indians left and did not return. Captain Redd remained calm and unmoved throughout this stormy talk, but his men could with difficulty be restrained; and in fact, some of them were ordered into the Mission church and guarded there.

"When Captain Lysander Wells, who was in town, heard of all this, he wrote Captain Redd a letter, in which he called him a 'dastardly coward,' and alluded to a certain petticoat government, under which he intimated the Captain was restrained. This allusion had reference to a young woman who, dressed in boy's apparel, had followed Redd from Georgia and was now living with him. The letter of Wells was signed, much to their shame, by several others in San Antonio.

"Colonel Fisher removed his entire force of three companies to the Alamo in San Antonio. Redd challenged Wells to mortal combat, and one morning at 6 o'clock they met where the Ursuline convent now stands. Facing his antagonist, Redd coolly remarked: 'I aim for your heart;' and Wells replied: 'And I for your brains.' They fired. Redd sprang into the air, and fell dead with a bullet in his brain. Wells, too, in fulfillment of the fearful repartee, was shot very near the heart; he, however, lived a fortnight in great agony, begging every one near him to dispatch him or furnish him with a pistol to kill himself. Dr. Weidemann, of whom more anon, nursed him tenderly. It turned out that the girl before referred to was married to Redd, and they found the marriage license and certificate in his pocket: also letters to members of his own and her families, speaking of her in the tenderest manner and asking them to protect and provide for her. She followed him to the grave and seemed brokenhearted, and soon thereafter returned to her people.

"Matilda Lockhart, who came in on March 19th, had been in captivity about two years. When she was taken, two of her family were slain and she and her little sister were taken prisoners. At that time she was thirteen and her sister three years old. She came along with the Indian party as a herder driving a herd of extra horses—thus the Indians could change horses from time to time for fresher ones. She was in a frightful condition, poor girl. Her head, arms and face were full of sores and bruises, and her nose actually burned off

"March 29th, Mrs. Webster came in with her three-year-old child on her back. The poor, miserable being was so unlike a white woman tmat the Mexicans hailed her as 'Indio! Indio!' She came into the public square from the west and was dressed as an Indian, in buckskin, her hair was cut short and square upon her forehead, and she was sunburned dark as a Comanche. She called out in good English, however, saying she had escaped from Indian captivity. She was immediately taken to John W. Smith's house, and we American ladies gathered to see her and care for her. She was very tired and hungry and almost exhausted. Her story was as follows: She came to Texas from Virginia early in 1835, with her husband, who, she claimed, was a relative of Daniel Webster. They built a home northeast of Austin, and in August of that year her husband was removing her and her four children to this wild home. They had also in the party two negroes and one white man. They were camped one evening on Brushy Creek, not far north of Austin, when a large body of Comanches attacked them. The three men fought bravely, but were overpowered and killed. Mrs. Webster's infant was taken from her arms and its brains dashed out against a tree and her second child killed. She and her eldest boy, Booker, were tied upon horses and she held her child of two years so tightly to her breast and pleaded so piteously for its life that the Indians left it with her. They were taken by rapid marches to the mountains, where they stripped Booker and shaved his head. He was attacked with brain fever and an old squaw, who had just lost a son of his age, adopted him and nursed him very tenderly. The Indians let her keep her little girl, but forbade her talking to her son. They made her cook and stake out ponies and beat her continually. She had been nineteen months in captivity when she seized a favorable opportunity to escape. It was one night after a long day's march, when, having learned the general direction of San Antonio, she quietly slipped out of camp with her child in her arms and bent her steps towards Bexar. She spent twelve terrible days on the way without meeting a human being. She sustained herself

all this while on berries, small fish which she caught in the streams, and on bones which she sucked and chewed. Sometimes she gave up and almost resigned herself to death. The morning of the 28th a fog came on, and unable to see any distance through the fog, she gave up all for lost and lay down in utter despair. Soon the sun shone out and the fog disappeared, when, looking towards the East, she saw a "golden cross shining in the sky." Then she felt that God had answered her prayers, and again took up the march with a thankful heart. She approached the golden cross with earnest steps. It proved to be the cross on the Cathedral of San Fernando in San Antonio.

"An eccentric character of those days was a Dr. Weidemann—his memory is worth keeping green as showing that the present cosmopolitan characteristics of San Antonio are congenital, so to speak. He was a Russian scholar and naturalist, and an excellnt physician and surgeon; a highly cultivated man and spoke many languages, and he had been a great traveler. He lived on the old Chavez place on Acequia street. I remember that on the night of the Indian fight of March 19th, 1840, I visited Mrs. Higginbotham, as I have before stated. While L was there Dr. Weidemann came up to her grated front window and placed a severed Indian head upon the sill. The good doctor bowed courteously, and saying: 'With your permission, Madam,' disappeared. Presently he returned with another bloody head, when he explained to us that he had examined all of the dead Indians and had selected these heads, male and female, for the skulls, besides two entire bodies, to preserve as skeletons. He said, 'I have been longing exceedingly to secure such specimens, and now, ladies, I must get a cart to take them home.' Dr. Weidemann had taken an active part in the fight, had done good service mounted on his fine horse, and now he was all begrimed, bloody and dirty, the result of his labors as a warrior, surgeon and scientist. He soon returned with the cart, loaded with his magnificent specimens, took the two heads from the window and departed. That night he stewed the bodies in a soap boiler, and when the flesh was completely dessicated, emptied the cauldron into the acequia. Now, this ditch furnished the drinking water generally for the town; it being understood that the river and the San Pedro were reserved for bathing and washing. There was a city ordinance to this effect coupled with a heavy fine. On the 21st it dawned upon the dwellers on the banks of the ditch that the Doctor had defiled the drinking water, and that probably they had taken in particles of Indian in their fluid. The people, very properly, gathered in indignation, a mob rushed to the Mayor's office, the men talked in loud and excited voices, the women shreiked and cried, they rolled up their eyes in horror, they vomited, and some of them were so frightened that they suffered miscarriage. Many thought they were poisoned and would die. Dr. Weidemann was arrested and brought to trial; they overwhelmed him with abuse, and called him 'diablo,' 'demonio,' 'sin verguenza,' and so forth. He took it calmly, assured them the Indians had all sailed by in the night, paid his fine and went away laughing. Once the Doctor lost his watch. He suspected one of his servants, Jose, and after waiting in vain for him to confess and give up the property, he determined to use a little magic. He invited a party to see the fun, and arraying himself in a figured gown and conical hat, and preparing a fire and cauldron on the roof of his house, he summoned all his servants to his presence and announced that they were all to dip their hands into the pot; at the same time informing them that the hand of the guilty one would turn black. The conscience-stricken Jose waited until the last—all others had come through with clean hands. He at last approached, plunged in his hand, and when he withdrew it, lo, it was black! The wretched man confessed in terror, and immediately gave up the watch. Thereafter no Mexican passed Dr. Weidemann without crossing himself, for they all firmly believed he was in league with the Devil. The Doctor told them that the spirits of the boiled Indians were under his control and told him everything. He sat their skeletons up in his summer house and defied anyone to steal them from him; it is needless to say his property was not further molested. The Doctor was drowned in 1843 or 1844 in attempting to swim Peach Creek, near Gonzales, during a rise."

Lehmann, the Indian

A wonderfully interesting book is soon to come from the Hunter press, dealing with the life and captivity of Herman Lehmann, who spent nine years among the Apaches and Comanches. J. Marvin Hunter, editor of Frontier Times, is now compiling data for this book, and hopes to have it ready for the printer within the next two or three months. Lehmann, who lives at Grandfield, Oklahoma, came to Bandera in December and supplied the material for the volume. He tells a wonderful story of hardships and cruelties he had to endure when he was first captured, tells of battles with the white people, describes murders and raids committed by the Indians, tells of life in the camps, of buffalo hunts, trips across the desert, and many other thrilling adventures. Lehmann was captured by the Apaches in 1870, when he was barely eleven years old. He was given thorough training in all sorts of Indian deviltry, and became to all intents and purposes an Indian, even to forgetting his own language. After spending four years with the Apaches, he became involved in a difficulty with a big medicine man, whom he slew with a bow and arrow, and had to flee for his life. He went into the mountains and remained in hiding for fully a year. Afterward he went to the Comanches and was adopted into that tribe, and remained with them until the Comanches were put on the reservation in Oklahoma. He was the last of the tribe to surrender and only then induced to give up by the persuasion of Quanah Parker. Finally he was restored to his people in Mason county, but was not content to remain there, and for a long time had to be constantly guarded to keep him from going back to the tribe. Eventually he became reconciled to adopt the ways of the white man, and remained at Loyal Valley for many years and became a good citizen.

When the Comanches surrendered and were given allotments in the Indian Territory, Lehmann, known then as Montee-ca, was placed on the tribal rolls and given an allotment, and is still numbered among the tribe. He removed to Oklahoma some ten or twelve years ago, and lives there among his old friends, the Indians.

While he was with the Apaches on a raid down into Mason and Gillespie counties in 1875, Captain D. W. Roberts' company of rangers got on their trail and followed the Indians away up on the Concho Plains where they overtook them early one morning and engaged in a desperate fight with them. In this fight Lehmann fought bravely, and seeing one of his comrades afoot, his horse having been shot down, he raced back and took the Indian up behind him, and was running away when a well directed shot from the gun of Sergeant J. B. Gillett brought down Lehmann's horse. The Indian hit the ground running, but Lehmann was caught under the falling horse and pinned there. Sergeant Gillett and Ed Sieker rushed up and were about to shoot him, when they discovered he had blue eyes and appeared to be a white boy, so taking after the Indian afoot they ran him down and killed him and then came back to get the white boy, but that white boy was gone. He had extricated himself and crawled away in the grass and concealed himself until the rangers left,

PHOTO BY ROSE HERMAN LEHMANN.

when he made his way back to the tribe some three hundred miles away.

Captain Gillett tells of this fight in his book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers." In November of last year it was the writer's happy privilege to bring together at the Old Trail Drivers' reunion in San Antonio, these two interesting characters, Captain J. B. Gillett and Herman Lehmann, their first meeting since that memorable fight on the Concho Plains fifty years ago. They discussed all phases of their battle and compared notes closely and both were fully satisfied that each had taken part in the combat. In the forthcoming book Sergeant Gillett's version of the fight will be given, as will also be an account given some years ago by Tom Gillespie, who was also a participant; an account of the same fight will be taken from Capt. D. W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," and Lehmann will tell in detail of his escape and how he traveled afoot back to the tribe and how he was made a sub-chief for his heroic attempt to save the life of his comrade, who happened to be his chief's own brother.

While he was with the Indians, Apaches and Comanches, Lehmann became the wildest of the wild. He would lead his braves on any kind of a perilous undertaking and was always foremost in battle or where the most danger was. Among the two tribes today there are many Indians who knew him and were engaged in raids with him.

But today Lehmann is a quiet law-abiding citizen. He is sixty-five years old, and well preserved. He spent more than a week in the editor's home and from his bearing and quiet manner no one would ever suspect that at one time he was a savage, that the blood of innocent people had stained his hands, and that gory scalp-locks had dangled at his belt. He says truthfully that he thought that it was his mission in life to kill and steal; that the Indian taught him to do these awful things. But now he knows that it was wrong and no amount of provocation or under any circumstances could he be induced to shed his fellowman's blood.

PHOTO BY ROSE

Capt. J. B. Gillett and Herman Lehmann Meeting at Old Trail Drvers' Reunion.

"Larry" Chittenden's Poems.

The editor of Frontier Times acknowledges with thanks receipt of a copy "Ranch Verses," by "Larry" Chittenden, the poet-ranchman, whose home is at Sea Bird's Nest, Christmas Cove, Maine. Mr. Chittenden has extensive ranch holdings near Anson, in Jones county, Texas, where he spends much of his time, and where he imbibed the atmosphere of the West which inspired him to break forth in glad song to proclaim the natural charm of grand old Texas. The copy of the book we have received represents the sixteenth edition. At Christmas Cove Mr. Chittenden has a wonderful library of more than 10,000 volumes, and in this library he has a "Texas Corner," wherein is to be found autographed volumes by Texas authors. Some day we hope to visit that library, for we know it would be a most delightful retreat, and at the same time give us the unbounded pleasure of meeting the poet-ranchman, who really belongs to Texas.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

Hunting the Gachupin

Theresa M. Hunter, in HoustonChronicle, December 21, 19p4.

Gachupin sounds like prehistoric or extinct species of animal, doesn't it? But no, it is merely a strange word I have found in an old volume of Texas literature.

Writing in 1872, a Texas author in the preface of his book entitled "More Than She Could Bear," says "Not more than one in 10,000 of our citizens ever heard of th Gachupin War which took place in Texas 60 years ago."

Did you ever hear of the Gachupin War? Well, neither had the writer, so here were two of the author's 9,999 citi zens who were, as he so cleverly surmis ed, completely ignorant of the event.

Sixty years ago! Counting back from 1872, that would make it 1812, a year of mighty troublesome portent to the whole United States. Congress had just de clared war on Great Britain; America was defending her coast lines; preparing to invade Canada; sustaining naval en gagements; avenging Indian outrages, etc., with but meager equipment for such important work. So a war in Neutralia, the fanciful name bestowed on what was then known as the neutral ground between Louisiana and Texas, went almost unnoted and unnoticed.

It did not take very long to discover the relation of the era of filibustering in Texas which ante dates the colonization period with what Mr. Benbow has dub bed the Gachupin War. We who have studied the ordinary school histories are somewhat well acquainted with the names of Nolan, Aura, Mina, Magee and all those gallant adventurers, but the word Gachupin was fascinatingly novel. Struck by its utter unfamiliarity I paus ed to reconnoiter.

In Wooten's History I found the fol lowing reference: "Leaders displayed savage ferocity towards royalists and Gachupins, as the native Spaniards were called," and Brown tells us of General Toledo whose reform and disciplinary methods introduced into the army pro voked the wrath of Mexican soldiers, who resented his rule because he was a Gachupin. Toledo was a Cuban Spaniard.

A Spanish American dictionary gave this: "Gachupin (Gah choo peen), name given in Mexico to a native of Spain, who in Lima, is called a Chapeton and in Buenos Ayres, a Maurrango."

But an American encyclopedia yielded better results: "In the last days of Span ish rule in Mexico the Spanish official party bore the name of Gachupin while the native party which was preparing for revolution were called Guadaloupes. The latter name was adopted by the Mexicans in honor of Our Lady of Guad alupe, the tutelar protectress of Mexico, while that of Gachupin was a sobriquet gratuitously bestowed upon the Spanish faction.

There must have been some reason for this "gift of a name" but research and inquirey have failed to disclose it. A vague story that a Spanish family of the name of Gachupin were, in some man ner, involved in the struggle of Mexico to throw off the Spanish yoke, is offered, but nothing definite about it can be found.

Texas at that time was a land of pro mise to men who coveted power. The success of the Corsican, building his em pire by conquest in the old world, seemed to fire the ambition of every adventurer in the new. Everyone of them saw in himself an embryo emperor. Nolan, with his camouflage of "horse hunting," making maps and founding trading stations with the Indians, may have hoped to return and establish a kingdom. Magee, resigning an honored post in the United States army to lead his band of American adventurers, Mexican re volutionists and Indian allies to set up a republic, of which he might be dicta tor. Long, abandoning his hard won military honors and a beautiful bride, to brave treachery and physical hardships, that he might win wealth and power, and meeting instead, death at the hands of an assassin, and that other "spirits," rest less and audacious," that "small, slight, blackeyed and smiling gentleman" Aaron Burr, craving to wear the title, "king of the West" with his finger on the map, visioned Texas in burning words, for those whose interest and assistance he desired. "There is the land west of the Mississippi, unknown and far away. There are grassy plains that seem to roll into the sun and there are great herds of game and warlike Indians, and beyond

the range of any vision there are vast mountains covered with snow. Gold, too, may be there. It is a country, enormous, grandiose, rich and silent, a desert waiting for the strong man's tread."

Spain also treasured this wonderful prospect, and was loth to surrender it to any chance comer. But her home affairs were in a sad state, and she she could devote but little attention to the colonies. Her idea was to Christianize and civilize the Indian occupants and through them to secure the fruits of the land, which in the course of time would enrich the coffers of old Spain. Missions had been established and were in the care of peaceful padres who underwent untold hardships, in their noble work of converting and training the Indians.

Such a slow process, however, did not appeal to our Anglo Saxon adventurers. Conquest by force of arms, submission of the native to a superior race, was their chosen method. The Napoleonic idea was supreme!

Spain offered resistance to these invaders with Mexican troops, officered by Spaniards and augumented by volunteer soldiers of fortune from Spain and her tributaries, who favored the royalist party. So Montero, Herrera, Salcedo, Cordera and others led their armies, into Texas against the American invaders. These encounters were waged from Nachitoches, La., to the country west of San Antonio in Texas, back and forth and along the gulf coast. Now one side was victorious and then another until the final defeat of the American forces put an end to Magee's expedition, but not before it had been demonstrated that Texas could be invaded and might be conquered and settled by a superior race. And this demonstration likely gave courage and light to those who followed.

This, then was the Gachupin War. And a Gachupin was a Spaniard lately come from his native land to fight for the preservation of Spanish America.

"THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS, compiled and edited by J. Marvin Hunter, under diretion of Geo. W. Saunders, president of the Old Trail Drivers' Association. Two vilumes, 500 pages each. Price $3.00 per single volume, or $5.00 for the two volumes. Postpaid. Send all orders to George W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

Old Hieroglyphics Painted by Indians.

Indian hieroglyphics have been found on the D. O. Sims ranch a few miles from Paint Rock, Texas, in a stone bluff. These characters are not the least faded though they were put there by the Indians in early pioneer days in Texas and have been exposed to the elements all these years.

An old Indian chief came down to see the bluff and tried to explain to Mr. Sims just what all the sign writing meant. For example, in one place there is a picture of a church and above it is a picture of a black cloud. Flying north from the church are six birds. The old Indian interpreted this as meaning that six Indians had burned the church of some white settlers in the neighboring territory and were fleeing north. It is historically true that a mission church was burned at San Saba by a few Indians in early times.

A hand drawn by an Indian always indicates the number of people in the group, it is said. If the hand is red, it stands for Indians, if white, it means the white settlers.

As the bluff is located in a central place most of the tribes passed it at some time. Each tribe or group seems to have left a message for the Indians to tell what direction to take and to warn them if the whites were near.

This blue has not been taken care of and at present a number of the hieroglyphics have been mutilated by people scratching their names over the surface of the painting.

Subscriptions Expiring

Quite a number of subscriptions to Frontier Times expire this month. If you find an expiration notice in your copy of the little magazine we hope you will promptly renew, as it is our policy to discontinue sending Frontier Times at expiration of time paid for. Inasmuch as the existence of this magazine depends solely upon its subscriptions. Please watch your date and renew promptly. Frontier Times needs every subscriber on the list if the little magazine is to be a permanent publication.

Subscriptions to Frontier Times should be renewed promptly to avoid missing a single issue. In renewing your subscription or changing addressi be sure to give former address.

Two Men Desperately Wounded

Written by Mrs. Lula Frye, 1124 W. Highland St., Santa Anna, Calif.

I will give you a brief history of some of the hardships the early pioneers had to undergo, particularly some of the experiences of my father, W. J. Miller, or more familiarly known to the people of West Texas as Bill Miller. His parents were Joseph and Elizabeth Miller, natives of Indiana, but they had removed to Washington county, Arkansas, where J. W. Miller was born June 11, 1841. Six years later the family moved to Bastrop, Texas, and engaged in the cattle business. In 1859 my father was married to Miss Dallie Vandever, from Kentucky, and to them were born three children, Zack T., Lula J., and Emma A. Miller. Father moved to McCulloch county where cowboys were in demand and accepted a position with Mr. Frances of Llano county who had moved his cattle to range in McCulloch county, and here he worked a year, when he and his brother, F. M. Miller, took charge of a bunch of cattle belonging to A. W. Morrow and managed them eight years. The first long drive father made was over the trail leading to Missouri in 1867, the herd driven numbering 570 head which were readily disposed of and he returned home. Eleven days after he returned from that drive he was in one of the most desperate fights with Indians recorded in the annals of border warfare. In company with Mr. Morrow he was returning from a short trip and encamped for the night near Major Rose's place on the San Saba river. About daybreak they started for home and had traveled about eight miles when they discovered a band of Indians driving some cattle. The Indians discovered them at the same time and came yelling and shooting showers of arrows. Father was driving four big fat horses, and they became frightened and ran away, and he could not manage them. The Indians ran up close and whipped the horses with their bows, while other Indians were shooting at him. The team neared a bluff and in trying to check them the wagon struck a ditch and father's pistol bounced to the ground. This left him unarmed, except a knife. Morrow was busy fighting the Indians all the time father was trying to control the horses, but both men were badly wounded before the horses ran into a ditch and had to stop. Father and Morrow jumped out of the wagon and hastily cut the horses loose, and Morrow jumped on the first one released and started to make his escape, when an Indian shot the horse and Morrow was thrown to the ground. He called to father and said he was killed and begged him not to leave him to the mercy of the savages. As father ran by Morrow he reached down and caught him, by the hand and pulled him up on the horse behind him, but just as they started to run an Indian squaw rushed up and shot father in the left cheek with an arrow, severing an artery. He jerked the arrow out and used it as a switch to urge his horse forward, and they ran about a mile, when he told Morrow he was bleeding to death and could go no further. They dropped from the horse, and the Indians rode around them several times and went away leaving them for dead. Father had twenty-seven wounds on his body, face and head. He had on a woolen overcoat, and when he dropped from the horse he fell with his face on his arm and the heavy coat stopped the flow of blood. They remained here several hours, and just before night, when it began to rain and sleet, they crawled to a cedar thicket, built a fire and kept from chilling to death. Mr. Morrow had twenty-two wounds, and they both suffered terribly for water. Their clothes were saturated with blood, and they were in a weakened condition. At daylight father told Morrow he must have water or he would die. Mr. Morrow, who could still walk, placed father high up on a boulder to remain there while he went for water. He was afraid if he left him on the ground the wolves, which had been prowling around all night, would kill him. Morrow then went to the river, a short distance away, and when he was gone, father thought he would never return, and as his fever was high and his throat and lips parched he could stand it no longer, so he slid off the rock and dragged himself along until he came to the river and getting to the water's edge he drank until he had quenched his consuming thirst. As long as father lived he talked about

that good water. He had lost so much blood and was in such a weakened con dition that he came near freezing to death while on the bank of the river. Presently he heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and thought the Indians were returning, but soon discovered it was some cowboys hunting for him. They had found the wagon and trailed them by the blood. The boys unsaddled their horses and took their saddle blankets and made a stretcher and carried father back to the place where Morrow had left him and found Morrow there with his boot full of water which he had brought to relieve father's thirst. The cowboys then sent to Major Rose's for an ambulance, bed and pillows, and brought the wounded men home. When they cut father's clothes off they were so stiff with blood the doctor stood his pants up on the floor. Father never turned himself in bed for more than three years, and he carried one of the arrow spikes in his body from the 17th day of January, 1868, until September 24, 1874, when it was removed by a surgeon from Galveston, after which he improved very rapidly. He was a man with an iron constitution, and despite his afflicton he gathered his cattle in June, 1872, and drove them to Colorado. One of the Indians' arrows had penetrated his lungs, and he finally contracted tuberculosis, from which he died in 1902.

To Texas Rangers.

Meridian, Texas, Jan. 1, 1925

To the Members of the Texas Ex-Rangers' Association—Greeting:

As your commanding officer and secretary, we wish to extend to you New Year's greetings and wish for you all the prosperity and happiness that can come to men and women in this life, and to inform you that our 1925 reunion will be held at Ranger, Texas, August 12-14 inclusive. We are looking forward to the best attendance that we have ever had. Our two last meetings, 1923 and 1924, were held near the center of the state, but as many of the members live in the northern part of the state and in Oklahoma the executive committee decided, after a most cordial invitation from the Chamber of Commerce of Ranger, that the 1925 reunion should be held in that city. We have every reason to believe that the good people of Ranger and Stephens county will leave nothing undone that is calculated to make the occasion both pleasant and profitable. Let all members, who possibly can, be in Ranger August 12, at 10 o'clock a. m., to spend the three days and live over again the days of our boyhood on the frontier of Texas. Let us insist that all of the boys of North Texas and Oklahoma be on hand and as many from Southern and Central Texas as can possibly get there.

Interest in these meetings is growing all the time. Six thousand people were in attendance at our last meeting at Menard. We want to meet as many of the old pioneer men and women as possible and talk over the days of long ago. Ere long it will be too late. The demise of the ex-frontiersman and pioneer settler will witness the passing of a set of people that will have no followers. So let "On to Ranger" be the word.

W. M. GREEN,
Major Commanding.
MISS RUBY GREEN,
Secretary.

Capt. Gillett's Book.

Capt. J. B. Gillet's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for $3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Another Book Coming

Hunter's Printing House in Bandera is now turning out a very interesting book, "The Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," written by Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Dennis of Bandera. The book will be ready for distribution within the next month or so, and will be a good seller. F. M. Buckelew was captured by Lipan Indians, on the Seco, and was kept by the savages over a year. He finally made his escape and returned to Bandera, wnere he has since resided. His story is full of human interest and he graphically describes Indian customs and manners, and his story is told in pleasing style by Mr. and Mrs. Dennis. The book will probably sell for $1.50. Advance orders are now being taken.

Subscriptions to Frontier Times should be renewed promptly to avoid missing a single issue. In renewing your subscription or changing addressi be sure to give former address.

Indians of Polk County

Willam Eilers, Jr., in Houston Chronicle December 7, 1924

Few Texans know that there are still a few full blooded Indians living in the Lone Star State. A tribe of 30 families of Alabama Indians, numbering 229 in all, of whom 55 are school children, live in Polk County. The Alabamas are not natives of Texas, but have lived within the borders of the state for the past 107 years.

An old saying is "a good Indian is a dead Indian." The Alabama tribe does its best to disprove this theory, all of them being hard working farmers. As long as there was timber on their lands they worked as lumbermen, but with the disappearance of wooded sections turn ed their attention to agriculture.

The civil and moral record is little short of remarkable. During the 107 years that they have made their home in Texas there has not been a single sep aration between man and wife and only one member of the tribe has been con victed of a crime.

The state and national government have shown little concern over these In dians. The Republic of Texas ceded them 1200 acres of "worthless" land and the Unted States has built them a school house. It was through the efforts of Sam Houston, then president of the Re public, that the 1200 acres of land, lo cated in the bottoms of Big Sandy River, were granted the tribe.

Since 1913 the tribe has been without a leader. John Scott, their chief, who for forty years had given them advice, died at that time.

The village of the tribe is located 16 mil s from Livingston, county seat of Polk county, and is reached over an al most impassable road. Due to this fact there are few visitors and few out siders know of the existence of the tribe.

It is said that when the Indians cut the timber on their land they kept back enough to build coffins, storing the ma terial in a church. This was stolen.

While they have adopted the white man's way of living, they have not adopted any of the measures to prevent diseases that are their heritage. For this reason there has been a rapid decrease in their numbers and they do not have the stalwartness that is usually thought to be the right of the Indian.

Family relations are very similar to those of the average American family. The women receive consideration, and marriage vows, said to be the simplest in the United States, are observed to the letter.

There is no record of them ever hav ing fought the white man, and they are very hospitable.

The land that was given them was deeded to a few white men to be held in trust. For this reason it is common property and before the death of John Scott he acted as arbiter in the land and personal property matters. Since his death there has been no "squabbling."

In an endeavor to find out if there was any tribal council, a visitor to the village put the following proposition to one of the tribe members:

"Suppose Charlie had a bad horse and you a corn field. The horse breaks into your field and you tell Charlie that he must pay for the grain. Charlie says you have a bad fence and that he will not pay. How would you settle settle that?"

"Charlie no got bad horse; me no got bad fence."

That tells it. They simply won't en gage in disputes.

Thirty years ago a Presbyterian min ister and his wife went to live with the Indians. Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Chambers who have a cottage on the edge of the village and the minister holds services in the little church vvery Sunday. Many of the Indians have joined the church and there is a good attendance every Sunday. Mrs. Chambers teaches school six months of every year.

A few white men whom the Indians trust live near the village. There are several Jim Feagins and Jo Rices among them. The former are named for Judge Feagin of Polk county and the latter for the Houstonian.

The tribe originally came from the South Atlantic states. Soon after the re volutionary war they moved to Louisi ana and 107 years ago to Peachtree, in Tyler County. They stayed there until 1836, when, upon the advice of General Sam Houston, they moved back to Louisi ana. Two years later they again moved, building a village about eight miles from

the site of the present one, which was established in 1854.

During three wars the white men in the neighborhood have left their families at home, knowing that the Indians would not harm them and that they would see that others did not harm them.

Each Indian farms about eight aeres of land and the revenue for a family averages around $100 a year. It is said that a government appropriation of $20,000 for the next few years will be needed to put them on a firm footing.

Polk county citizens and others interested in the welfare of the Indians have decided that this sum is necessary and have formulated a plan for helping them.

It is suggested that an agricultural expert be employed, to live in the village and teach the tribe members how to farm and to assist in building up the poor soil; that 1000 goats be purchased to be put in the pastures and brush, and that each family be provided with a cow. It is also suggested that a domestic supervisor be obtained to teach the women of the tribe.

Keeping the Record Straight.

Frontier Times is pleased to publish the following letter from Mrs. John Lee, of Upland, California. Mrs. Lee is a sister-in-law of Bob Lee, who was mentioned in an article which appeared in Frontier Times a short time ago:

Upland, California, December 3, 1924.
Editor Frontier Times:—

I wish to correct a statement made in Frontier Times, No. 1, Vol. 2, by Mr. T. U. Taylor, regarding the killing of Bob Lee. The Federal soldiers never killed Bob Lee in Fannin county. He was killed three quarters of a mile from my home, on the road to his home, by Henry Boren, who, with a crowd of bad men, waylaid him in a thicket. Boren shot him in the breast with a double-barrel shotgun. As soon as Boren shot him off his horse he ran to Bob and tried to get him to talk to him, but Bob would not answer him. Henry then went home, four miles below in Hunt county, where he had lived neighbor to Bob Lee from boyhood, and gave a dance that night. Early the next morning, after the dancers had all gone home, Henry Boren was shot down by his nephew, Bill Boren, at the corner of his own house. Bill Boren and Bob Lee had fought as comrades for four years in the Confederate army, and stuck together to the last. I do not know what became of Bill Boren, he was a fine man and well thought of.

Robbery was the commencement of Bob Lee's troubles. The Boren bunch of robbers came to Bob Lee's house one night and took his brace of fine ivory-mounted pistols and pretended to arrest him. They took him to a big creek bottom southeast of Sherman, and told him if he would give them $2,000 and leave the country they would turn him loose. The federal soldiers were stationed at Sherman at the time, and these fellows pretended that they had orders from the federals. But this was later proved false. Bob sent word to father that he was held prisoner by certain men and that they intended to kill him if he did not procure the ransom money. His father and brothers tried to raise the money, but could not do so, and they went to the thicket and told the kidnapers that they believed if Bob was free he could get the money from his friends. They made a pen out of goose quill, and my husband, John Lee, made some ink out of powder and the kidnapers wrote a note for the amount and forced Bob Lee, his father and brothers to sign it. Then they told Bob to get the money and have it at a certain place and they would give him back the note. Later the affair was taken into the courts, but owing to the union sympathy that existed for the robbers they were acquitted. One day at Pilot Grove some of these fellows shot Bob Lee from behind, the ball entering near his left ear, and ranging toward the roof of his mouth. He was taken to a physician's house, where he was tenderly cared for, and one night the assassins called the physician to the door, and shot him down. I have forgotten this physician's name.

I am now nearly 83 years old, and have forgotten many names. Bob Lee's father and all his brothers are dead.

Heel Fly Time in Texas

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

There is now living in San Antonio two really remarkable people. To each of them this big state of Texas owes, as it does to other old frontiersmen and women, a debt of gratitude and real money it will never pay. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. (Dick) Dennis stayed on the frontier and endured the hardships and dangers which always go with such a life, and he cheerfully risked his life fighting back the Indians as long as they were murdering on our frontier and he was able to fight. In his various fights with Indians, Dick Dennis was twice wounded. He received the two wounds, however, in the same fight. The first wound was from an arrow which struck the spine and entered it quite deeply. This wound partially paralyzed him and he fell from his horse. As he lay prostrate, another Indian ran by and threw a lance at him which passed entirely through his body but struck no vital organ. In pulling the arrow out the shaft pulled off, and the arrow spike remained embedded in the spine. The spike was removed in a short time in a very crude and primitive manner, and is quite amusing as well as tragical when told by Mr and Mrs. Dennis. On top of this, Mr. Dennis served four years in the Confederate Army which gave him, with his frontier experience, about ten consecutive years of soldier life in which he and his companions suffered untold hardships.

Dick Dennis knew every noted Indian fighter on the frontier in olden times, and named a few he knew best and admired most: John R. Baylor, George Wythe Baylor, J. B Barry, Jack Cureton, R. S. Ford, and others.

Mr. Dennis and his wife had their kindred slain by Indians on the Texas frontier, and often acted as comforters when the husband or children of a family were murdered and mutilated. Indeed, they passed through the very darkest and most frightful days of our frontier life. Mr. Dennis says: "Texas may owe the old needy frontiersmen and their wives a debt of gratitude and some thing more, or it may not, but if the State can't pay all of those old heroes, I don't want it to pay me. I get the Confederate pension of now $35.00 every three months. That means I am to subsist on $17.50 for three months and my aged wife must do the same thing. No danger of us dying of too much fat on that allowance, is there?" The aged couple reside with a grand daughter at 315 Westfall Avenue, San Antonio.

During seventy years residence in Texas, this aged couple have watched with amazement the growth of their adopted state. "With giant-like strides has she developed," said Mr. Dennis. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dennis were raised in Missouri, the state where you have to "show me." Mr. Dennis was born in Tennessee, but reared in Missouri. In 1854 he married a neighbor girl with whom he had been raised. In a short time the couple started for Texas in a two-horse wagon, and after an uneventful journey of nearly three weeks camping, they landed at Belton, Texas, which was at that time, and for many years afterward, subject to Indian raids. From that time on he actively participated in all the vicissitudes of early times n Texas. When Mr. Dennis came to Texas it was a howeling wilderness from Belton almost in every direction, with about two-thirds of the state held by the Indians. He has not only seen Texas grow, but he has taken an active part in that growth and contributed more than the "widow's mite" to the wonderful development. He and his good wife gave all the best years of their lives to that growth. There are now but few men left who can boast of so long a term of actual warfare.

"In looking backward," said Mr. Dennis, "I can see that there were opportunities all around me which were mine for the taking. I could not see them then for the very simple reason that all of my time was taken up in thinking about how to save my scalp and my wife's scalp and our neighbors' scalps. Then how could I know that the land on which we lived, and which we never thought of as being valuable, would in fifty years be worth more than $100 per acre? We didn't know it would ever be valuable. We just stayed and fought Indians and extended the frontier year by year, but every year the depredations grew worse. In 1857-58 the Indians were worse than they had ever been

before. I think the frequent depredations were due to the fact that there was a large body of Indians on the Comanche reservation not very far away, and they could and did send out raiding parties in rapid succession and kept the pioneers stirring all the time. When we heard the Indians were in the country we commenced molding bullets, caught up our rifles, saddled our horses, supplied ourselves with provisions, met the other male members of our settlement at an agreed place, and in squads or small companies all available men went out to fight for the general good with a will which always insured success. Where else in all the world has this been done except in Texas? Some of us were trying to farm, others trying to raise stock, but we had a hard time of it. Indians could and did steal our stock faster than we could raise them. We had no time to think of the price of land fifty or sixty years ahead. The thing we placed the most value on was our scalps. Yes, if I could only have known,I would now be known as Colonel E. B. Dennis, and my wife as Mrs. Colonel Dennis. Now we are known as Dick Dennis and his wife. But I believe with all my soul that Dick Dennis and his wife have more friends than Mr. and Mrs. Colonel E. B. Dennis would have had. Life is a hard propositon any way you take it, but when it comes to going through it without honest-to-goodness friends then it is a sure enough tough job. We, my wife and I, have always had good friends. Possibly we deserved them, for we have always tried to live in touch with the Golden Rule, and that old latch-string of ours was hanging out all the time. If a man was hungry, we fed him; if he was thirsty, we gave him drink; if he was a stranger, we took him in; if he was sick, we visited him. Now, that is about all the religion we knew anything about.

"I had been away from home nearly four years. One day my colonel, who was George Wythe Baylor, came to me and said "Captain Dennis, I want you to go to North Texas and bring in a lot of recruits. Go to the counties of Palo Pinto, Parker, and any of the adjoining counties and get all the recruits you can. Our regiment has been thinned out in the Louisiana campaign and I need more men.' 'Alright, Colonel,' I replied, 'but what about the Indians?' 'Kill all you see, and those you don't see, frighten them to death by any means you can command,' said Colonel Baylor.

"That was orders, and I was glad to obey as I was going home. As that was the case, I had no use for my sword. Since I have mentioned that I had a sword, I will tell you how I happened to have it. In 1864 my regiment captured a transport in that Louisiana campaign, and a lot of us swam over and boarded it. About the first thing I saw was a man lying prostrate and badly wounded. He asked me to get him a drink of water and I at once got the water and raised him up so he could drink it. He then asked me if I was an officer, and I answered that I was. He told me to take his sword, which I did, and then he drew a testament from his pocket and gave it to me. We got many things off of that boat, but I prized my gifts more than all else we got. I will now tell you what I did with that sword and where it is to this good day. I was going home on detached service, as before stated, and did not want to take the sword with me for I was going into an Indian country; and a sword is of no use in an Indian fight, where one needs a rifle or a shotgun or six-shooters. There was a young lieutenant in Company I of our regiment, a gallant, chivalrous young officer, who had joined the army before he was seventeen. This lieutenant was a nephew of my colonel, and his name was J. W. Baylor. The understanding between us was that if I ever came back the sword was mine if I wanted it; if I did not come back the sword belonged to Lieutenant Baylor. I did not get back, and here is the reason: When I got home in Hood county the settlers were living in constant fear of Indian raids and were constantly guarding against them as best they could. One day, just before I was to start back to the army, my wife and I were out stock-hunting. In the distance we saw a number of men who were riding leisurely along as though they belonged in the country. That is what deceived us, and we decided they were white men. They had seen us, and we had seen them, and we rode along carelessly, not thinking of Indians at all. Now just note what those devils did. They waited until we passed over the brow of the hill out of sight, then they made a dash for us at full speed,

and just as we had reached the bottom of the hill they were right on us before we knew it. My horse was small and could not run. My wife was riding a good horse and could have out-run the Indians. When the Indians ran upon us one of them shot me with an arrow which struck my spine, and the wound paralyzed me in part and I fell from my horse, but not until an Indian had thrust me through the right side with a lance. Unless a person has passed through the same experience, it is difficult to describe the feeling of a person situated as I was. I felt that I was killed, and that my wife would be in a few minutes, and both of us scalped. I resolved, however, to sell our lives for as many Indian lives as possible. They had knocked my wife off her horse, then both our horses ran off. Anyone looking at the picture from a distance would have said, 'They will both be killed.' But just watch the scene shift. I made a desperate effort and got my pistol out of the scabbard, and just as two Indians were approaching my wife, I fired point blank at the one in the lead. You cannot imagine the joy I felt when I heard the Indian give a yell, saw them wheel and mount their horses and make a run for our horses, which they got and made off with. The only thing left for us to do was to seek shelter. There was a vacant cabin on the hill in front of us, and we decided to get to that cabin, and by using all my strength, with my wife supporting me as best she could, we arrived there safely, but I was completely exhausted and famished for water. My wife decided to go to my father's and give the alarm. I could not advise her what to do, for I didn't know what was best, and I was suffering terribly from my wounds and for water. I said to my wife: 'Bring me some water.' She left the cabin and went for the water, and when she got there she was reminded that she had not a vessel to carry the water to me. She made a virtue of necessity and just took off both shoes and filled them with as much water as they would hold and brought it to me. Now, that was a dipper I was not accustomed to drinking out of, but that was the best water I ever tasted before in all my life. My wife determined she would risk her life in giving the alarm, but before leaving she fixed me as comfortably as she could. For a pillow she found in the house a chunk of wood which she placed under my head, and placing my pistol by me, she started on her perilous trip, where it would be the merest chance if she were not killed. but good luck attended her and she reached my father's field where one of my brothers was plowing and made known to him what had happened. In a short time one of my brothers, who had just been chased by the Indians, came to me. The Indians certainly had it in for the Dennis boys on that day. I was finally carried home and the neighborhood doctor was sent for, who in due time arrived with his case of surgical instruments consisting of a dull pocket knife and a pair of bullet molds. The surgical work started at once and was so severe that I started to kicking and bucking to such an extent that the doctor ordered one man to sit on my head and another to sit on my legs and hold my hands. After that I didn't do much moving when the doctor used his instruments of torture, but I did a big lot of cussing and made some serious threats. I swore in my agony that if ever I got well I would kill that d— doctor and both of those d— rascals who were aiding the doctor in torturing me. Right at that time I hated everybody, particularly the doctor and the Indians. Finally the doctor finished his work, the spike was pulled out, and I was a wreck. I begged for morphine, and the doctor sent a young cousin of mine, Marion Smith, after it to a nearby settlement. That very boy was the next year killed and scalped by the Indans.

"Many pitiful incidents and shocking murders were happening around us all the time, and it is a well known fact that the women and children were the greatest sufferers.

"To return to the surgical operation: In time I began to feel better, after having suffered the tortures of the condemned, and that doctor I had sworn in anguish that I would slay and mutilate, looked like an angel of mercy to me. He, acting with others, saved my life. I now felt that I was going to get well and I just loved and admired everybody, except the Indians. The Indians shot me on April 12th, 1865. On the next day my furlough was out, and if I had not been wounded I woud have hit the road for my regiment and would have

been with it at the surrender. General Lee had surrendered on the 10th, but I didn't know it. I could not go back, so the sword I gave into the keeping of my young friend, J. W. Baylor, became his property. My friend died in 1895, leaving a son, J. W. Baylor, who still has that sword at his home on La Mota Ranch in LaSalle county, Texas. It has been about sixty years since I saw that sword. I would love to see it once more before I depart for good.

"I went after recruits, but I didn't get any. Recruits were badly needed right where I went to get them to help fight Indians."

Here Mrs. Dennis broke in to relate that the Indians did not always make their escape after they had committed murders and thefts. "Our menfolks often overtook them and sometimes killed the whole bunch. At other times they killed part of them, and so it was year after year all along our frontier, and I think if the bones of all the Indians killed could be collected in one place they would make a pile as high as the court house in San Antonio. After the Indians wounded my husband he was an invalid for twelve years or more and the burden of caring for the family rested on my shoulders, and many a day I have done a man's work. I never had time to get sick. It was too busy, and I think, I know that hard work never did hurt anybody. I think hardships I have endured and the hard work I have done has kept me as strong as I am today. On account of Mr. Dennis' health the doctor advised him to travel. I put him in a hack and for several years we traveled all over Texas. I knitted articles of clothing and Mr. Dennis sold patent medicines, and we got along nicely. We camped out, rain, snow, frost or sunshine, and our expenses were small."

E. B. Dennis was captain of Company C, in George Baylor's regiment, and was in all the big battles of the Louisiana campaign. His grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War, and his father was the first white child born in Warren county Tennessee.

"I want to talk a little about my colonel and his brother," said Captain Dennis. "I want to tell of an early Indian fight the two Baylors, John R. and George W., had with a band of painted and feathered demons which led me to join their forces as an Indan fighter. One day, as young men, they left home on horseback. This was in North Texas. On their way they saw a band of Indians in the distance who seemed to be stinking for a fight, and I want to say right now, if they were hunting for a fight they had knocked at the right door. Both of the Baylors were armed with double-barrel shotguns, and there were sixteen navy balls in each barrel, and each of the Baylor was a crack shot. John R. Baylor, who was the elder, decided they could not get away so he said, 'George, we will fight it out. There's only one thing to do; we must charge them before they charge us. If we let them charge us they will come spread out fan-like, but if we charge them they will stay bunched as they are now, and if they do we can whip them with all ease. Shoot at the biggest bunch every time. They think we have only two bullets to shoot at them, but we have sixty-four. You shoot from the right, and I from the left.' The charge was made. The Indians did not move until the Baylors leveled their guns to fire, when they made an effort to scatter, but it was too late. Sixty-four blue whistlers had done their work, and two six-shooters began talking. The next day when the Baylors rode into Palo Pinto they had nine scalps, a number of bows and arrows and seven extra horses they didn't have when they left home. This occurred before I joined them in their Indian raids and fights. After this they fought the Paint Creek fight and several others of lesser note. My colonel had the honor of being in the last Indian fight fought on Texas soil. He had that crown of glory when he died and richly deserved it.

"We have been married seventy years. We have had thirteen children, sixty-eight grandchildren, one hundred and ninety great grandchildren, and eight great great grandchildren." And they both smiled and said, "That's a record hard to beat."

They are old and helpless now. Captain Dennis is 92 and his wife 87. Their one great consolation is, that in the near future their ashes will rest forever in the bosom of the state they have loved so well and served so long.

Preachers and Wedding Ceremonies

By A. W. Young.

During my thirty years experience as a preacher I performed many wedding ceremonies. The average preacher has some wedding experiences, and I presume that he enjoys many of them more than the country editor, inasmuch as the aforesaid editor is not paid for attending such affairs, or for the generous writeups, while the preacher is a paid attendant, that is, more or less. Wedding fees are a variable quantity, and I have never been able to establish a satisfactory rato of variation, in my own mind. The legal fee is $2.50 and there is an old story of a justice of the peace who had just married a couple and the groom asked "Well! Squire how much do ye charge?" and the squire said, "The law allows me two dollars and a half." The groom handed him one dollar and said: "Well! Squire here's another dollar, and what 'the law allows ye' that will make it three dollars and a half."

I walked 14 miles to marry a couple when I was a young preacher and they gave me supper, bed and breakfast and the groom gave me $1. I have married several couples on credit. One groom said, "Parson, I'll sure pay you in the fall," and as he did not say what it was that he expected to fall, and as he has not paid me yet, I presume it did not fall.

Another bridegroom said, "Brother Young I have no money in my pocket, but I will see you tomorrow." He did not see me the next day, as he left town that night, but in a month or two I was called to preach monthly in the town where he had gone, and he saw me unexpectedly and often, and while he never did pay me, I had $15 worth of amusement watching him trying to dodge me, and listening to him "dun" himself and make me a new promise, when he did not succeed in dodging me.

I married one couple and when the groom asked me what I charged, I told him to pay me according to the worth of the bride, and he handed me fifty cents. I officiated at one wedding where the groom was an only child. I was holding a meeting at the place and making my home with the parents of the groom, and he had asked me to stay with them several days after the wedding as he was going to Colorado on a wedding trip. He was more than twenty-five years old, but while he was courting the girl his parents would sit up and wait for him when he went to see her at night, and when his father heard the horse coming down the street he would go out, open the gate, and help his son unhitch the horse and put him in the stable. That kind of treatment would certainly ruin many boys, but it did not spoil this one, as he is a good citizen, good husband and father and good business man today. But the morning after the wedding, at the breakfast table, I had one of the most amusing experiences of my life, and it was the kind of amusement that hurts, as I could not afford to laugh, and I sympathized with the good parents of the boy, who had been with them many years, and had gone away for the first time. The parents were not hungry that morning and they looked as though they had not slept well. They dallied with the breakfast food, said but little, but finally the mother said: "Well, I wonder where Edward and Myrtle are this morning, and if they are well."

There is one thing about weddings that I have noted, which I have never read anything about or heard any one else mention and that is that when it comes to the ceremony, the bride is always master of herself, does not get excited at all, answers at the right time, and behaves as though the process of marrying was an everyday occurrence with her, while the groom is nearly always ill at ease, acts awkwardly, answers at the wrong time, unless you partially hypnotize him and prevent him from doing so.

I have tried to account for this, and think I have done so. The bride goes through the ordeal of marrying a number of times before she does go through with it. She has her excitement, her fears, her tears, her hesitation, etc., all over with before she meets the groom at the marriage altar and she has thus prepared herself for the ordeal of the ceremony. Mr. Groom, big, self-satisfied, over-confident man, does not get to the place of the ceremony until he does get to it. There is no preparatory going through it for him. All he thinks about

is that he is exceedingly anxious to get to it and have it over with. He has no fears that it will bother him, not a little bit. So he goes as a "lamb to the slaughter" in his over-confidence and gets it all "taken out of him" about the time the minister begins to speak. When the preacher says, "Marriage is a sacred obligation, ordained of God and regulated by Civil authority, and when entered into it should be entered into seriously soberly, solemnly and in the fear of the Lord. Way back in the Garden of Eden, God Himself performed the first marriage ceremony, saying: 'for this cause shall a man forsake father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh," the groom begins to wish that he was back in the Garden of Eden or somewhere else, as he did not anticipate a historical event when he faced the altar. So he shifts his feet, moves his body a little, and gets in a hurry to say "I do" "I will" or anything else that he it seems needed to say, and have it all over with. He may have heard that ceremony before but he did not think it was like this, and he will never truthfully say just what he heard this time. His pulse, respiration, blood pressure are full, but his mind is missing on a few cylinders just at this time, and in days to come he could not swear that minister did not say:

"Wilt thou take her for thy pard,
For better or for worse;
To have, to hold, to fondly guard,
'Till hauled off in a hearse."

But the brides do not seem to remember the wedding ceremony any better than the men, though they know more about what happened at the wedding. I have been asked to omit the word 'obey' from the obligation of the bride, on several occasions, and where I have not been asked to omit it. the bride has usually attended to the matter, later on. Last summer in a tabernacle meeting in a Texas town, I married a couple one night just before the song service of the meeting. It was a pretty wedding and as it was known that it was to occur at the meeting that night there were more folks in attendance than usual, but my song leader, evidently, had not properly cared for his mental spark plugs that day, for while the happy couple and their attendants were leaving the tabernacle he started this song:

"Oh! Sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal;
And sorrow how oftimes they sweep,
Like tempests down over the soul."

It was about as appropriate as the work of another song leader, who after a preacher had delivered a lengthy and fervent discourse on the subject of "Hell," started the song, "I want to Go There, Don't You?"

"Billy," the Kid.

In the March number of Frontier Times will appear a true story of the killing of Billy, the Kid, as related by John W. Poe to E. A. Brininstool. The story was copyrighted in 1919 by the Wide World Magazine of London, England, but Mr. Brininstool has kindly given Frontier Times permission to reproduce it in full, with illustrations. Mr. Brininstool is a nationally known magazine writer and author, and lives in Los Angeles, California

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Frontier Chicago was visited by Chief Yellow Calf, head of the Apache tribe of Thermopolis, Wyo. The chief was taken for a visit of cabarets. Said he:"White squaw heap preety but heap crazy. She wilder than Indian. Cuts hair like warrior. Paints like big chief. Do big war dance like warrior. Wear no clothes. Yip! Yip!"

Subscriptions Expiring

Quite a number of subscriptions to Frontier Times expire this month. If you find an expiration notice in your copy of the little magazine we hope you will promptly renew, as it is our policy to discontinue sending Frontier Times at expiration of time paid for. nasmuch as the existence of this magazine depends solely upon its subscriptions. Please watch your date and renew promptly. Frontier Times needs every subscriber on the list if the little magazine is to be a permanent publication.

NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Send C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

Buried Treasure in Hamilton County

Bill Murphree, in Houston Chronicle, November 30, 1924.

Undiscouraged by the fact that for 40 years searchers have sought in vain for the vast treasure of gold which tradition says is buried near Hamilton, scores of residents of that county yet dream of finding the gold secreted by Jesuit priests in 1832, just before they were attacked and slaughtered by outlaws. The tale of the treasure never grows old. It is the favorite story told to several generations of children: and, needless to say, the value of the treasure increases as time goes on.

Back in the days before the coming of Stephen F. Austin to this state, the principal Spanish missions were located near San Antonio. However, there was one mission on the Red River, the Loyola Mission near the present city of Denison. There was a great amount of traveling between the San Antonio missions and the one on the Red River, and this route the pack trains took is now a state highway.

This route passed from San Antonio through the present city of Austin, veered up the Colorado River, and branched near Marble Falls into the present county of Llano. Thence it went into Lampasas county and crossed the chain of Central Texas Mountains near the present village of Evant. This pass is known today as Gholson's Gap and is the lowest place in the mountains. Near the Gap, the mountain shrubbery changes to large trees, the whole atmosphere is dark and dank and the old air of tragedy still seems to haunt the place.

Across the mountains and ranging northward, lived a band of horsethieves composed of renegade Indians and white outlaws. This band was later known as the Langford Gang and was active until just before the Civil War. By the early settlers they were much to be feared as the Quantrell and James gangs in Missouri and Kansas.

According to the story, a band of Jesuit priests were engaged in the transportation of gold from the San Antonio missions to the one on Red River. The gold was carried on pack donkeys and 40 men were in the outfit. Soldiers were carried along as guards and pickets were placed out at night. The expedition had passed through the rough country on the Llano and on the third night out camped on the Lampasas River, near the present village of Adamsville in Lampasas county.

Here the priests were met by scouts of the outlaws and the outlaws made the priests believe they were friendly travelers who had lost their way. These spies spent the night with the expedition and early next morning they took leave. A short distance from the camp of the priests, however, they doubled back on their tracks, passed around the slow moving pack train and joined their companions in the pass.

It is about 35 miles from the ford on the Lampasas River to the Gap, and the caravan hoped to camp that night at the springs in the pass. They arrived at the Gap after sundown, and while going through the preparations for the night's encampment, they were completely surprised by the outlaws. After a fierce but short combat, all of the Spaniards were slain.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away, the bandits turned their attention to the 12 pack mules, and imagine their consternation when they discovered that the burros were loaded with sand! The Jesuits had become fearful of spies and had buried their treasure somewhere between the river and the Gap.

Thus the story goes, and for the last 40 years, with varying degrees of intensity, there have been searches made for this buried treasure. The story was strengthened by the finding of an old packsaddle near the chalk cliffs of the Lampasas River, and today the old cronies of the mountains, while sitting around their simple cabin fires, fire the imaginations of their children by the declaration that some day the treasure will be found.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The above story of the buried treasure in Llano, Lampasas, Burnet or Hamilton county, has been handed down from generation to generation, and is probably true in fact, but we must differ with the writer as to the cause of the Jesuits fear of white outlaws, and we are inclined to doubt the date given. However, it may have been 1832, but at that early date there

is no record of an outlaw gang, other than wild Indians, operating in that secton of the country. We publish the story for just what it is worth, and will let the reader form his own conclusion.)

Indians After Peyote.

Armed with permits from the Federal government, a party of Comanche Indians, of Anadarko, Okla., arrived at Eagle Pass recently on their way to Muzquiz, Mexico, to gather a supply of peyote beans to use for religious and sacramental purposes by their tribe.

Formerly these and other blanket Indians of the United States made their annual pilgrimages to the vicinity of Laredo, Texas, where the species of cactus that produces the peyote bean grows in profusion.

From time immemorable this powerful drug has been used by the Indians in certain ceremonial rites. On these occasions the Indians would also take back with them a bountiful supply of the fiery mescal liquor.

They are ont only prohibited from drinking mescal, but their use of the peyote bean is restricted to religious observances. It was discovered several years ago that the promiscusos use of the peyote drug was causing crime and insanity among the Indians

Mescal, one of the most powerful intoxicating liquors known, is obtained from the mescal maguey plant, which is indigenous to nearly all of northern and central Mexico and the lower border region of Texas. It grows wild and is very abundant.

The peyote bean, or button, is not produced from the same plant from which mescal is made, but is closely related to it. The effect of the bean however, is entirely different from that produced by the liquor made from the maguey. While the latter causes the person partaking of it to become insanely violent, the former produces a benign and delightful effect.

The use of the peyote bean is generally coupled with religious ceremonies. It causes one to act as though he were under the influence of some powerful hypnotist.

The immediate effect is to stimulate the moral faculties, warming the heart, creating in the user feelings of benevolence and energizing the religfous sentiment.

The effect upon the mind is to create an apparent harmony in the world, very different from the actuality, to stimulate sensations of various kinds and especially those of color, and to produce a state of exhaustion. It is asserted that the use of the peyote bean wakens the will power to a marked degree, so that it is difficult after one or two debauches to break away from it. The bean is used in two ways. It is masticated and swallowed or drunk as a liquid after soaking in water.

While the liquid made from the maguey is in general use among the lower class of Mexicans, the peyote bean was until the last few years more generally used by the Indians of the United States. In former years it was the Indian's substitute for opium, and scientists pronounced its use as bad.

Left-Handed Indian Found.

Evidence has been unearthed at Temple showing the existence of a left-handed Indian of long ago, according to R. C. Rodgers, tutor of anthropology in the University of Texas. This evidence is an arrow-head on which all the clipping was done on one side and which to be made as it must have been held in the right hand while the left hand did the work. Nothing else of importance was discovered during the excavations made on the outskirts of Temple last summer by a committee from the anthropology department of the university. Mr. Rodgers said.

Under shelving rocks near Temple are caves where Indians lived and died long before the white man ever set foot on American soil, it is declared. Hoping to find some of these skeletons intact, an expedition sent out from the university last summer to do some excavating around these rocks. Curious citizens, however, with no idea of the value of the remains, had dug into the caves, scattered the bones about, and carried away most of the things of interest, Mr. Rodgers said.

Besides excavating at Temple, the expedition worked through the country around Hutto and Round Rock and succeeded in gathering a few trophies to add to the anthopology collection.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

Nomadic Navajos in the "Bad Lands"

If a cliff dweller in our congested cities were told that there were hundreds of square miles in the United States which have never been entered by a white man, he would be incredulous; lands where not even an Indian can live and few animals. This little known country is situated east of the Colorado River with the boundary line between Arizona and Utah crossing it like an equator. Navajo Mountain, an isolated giant monolith, 10,400 feet high, is its hub, the Rainbow Bridge its jeweled center. Rainbow Bridge is a graceful natural arch so high that the capitol at Washington could be easily placed under it. Beautiful from whatever angle it is viewed, it rises from among vivid rocks, delicate wild orchids, yucca and equisite cacti. Charles L. Bernheimer has visited Rainbow Brdge and explored the surrounding "bad lands" with a pack train each year since 1921. The trips have been full of hazards, lost trails to be blasted, treacherous climbs, unforseen accidents and countless inconveniences which but served to develop the ingenuity of the explorers. The oatmeal poultice that was used instead of linseed when one of the party stumbled into quicksand and developed blood poi soning in extricating himself and the black stocking that affected a time exposure when the shutter of kodak refus ed to work are but two of the expedients that Mr. Bernheimer tells about in his account of these explorations, "Rainbow Bridge." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Mr. Bernheimer found the nomadic Navajo Indans who roamed about Rainbow Bridge country a colorful tribe, governed by age-old legends and superstition. On the 1922 expedition one of the Indians in the party saddled a mule to ride a short dsstance. He failed to use a tail strap or take the precaution of tightening the front strap holding the mule in place, a measure always neces sary, as mules are built wedgeshaped, the front part of their bodies being narrower than their rear. On a sharp decline the saddle slipped forward, throwing the Indian's weight on the mule's neck. The mule, as mules do, kicked and threw his rider. The Indian was brought back to camp with ankle and wrist badly swollen and a large black spot on his back. He was treated with compresses and left on a cot. A little later the men discovered him completely covered with a messy sauce. Left alone, he had crawled into a bush of poisonous jimson weed, dug it out, masticated it into pulp and then applied it to his bruises. He was a filthy-looking object.

At another time a huge Navajo stalked into the house of Mr. Bernheimer's guide. He stood silently before the the company for a few minutes, then began to converse with the hostess in the soft, melodious Navajo tongue of slow, measured cadences. She left the room, but soon returned with a woolen blanket, a leather moccasin and a wooden arrow. With his knife the Indian severed a strand from the blanket, a fringe from from the moccasin and a chip of wood from the arrow, then without a single word of thanks or leave-taking, he strode from the room.

The hostess explained that the Indian was a medicine man who was seeking a cure for the squaw of his tribe. He had been in quest of some objects of Piute origin, as the stricken woman was of that tribe. With the bit of wool which he had taken from the blanket, the moccasin fringe and the chip of wood he planned to compound a medicine to cure his patient of fatal tuberculosis.

The "sweat houses" of the Navajos were a common sight on the trails, some of them built neatly in the sides of canyons. A small square-topped entrance leads into a low-ceilinged chamber about six or eight feet square. The Indian places within it heated stones and sometimes jars filled with steaming water and closes the entrance with a blanket. In this heated place he remains for hours at a time to emerge at last with a bleached skin. It is his equivalent for a Turkish bath.

The Navajo offers a stringent but withal humorous solution of the mother-in-law problem. He minimizes the danger of her making domestic trouble by proclaiming through his leaders and his medicine men that if she would preserve the eyesight of her daughter's husband she must never visit the new home except in the absence of the son-in-law.

Pioneer Days in Burnet County

Geo. Holland in Burnet Bulletin

The pioneers who came to Texas from 1840 to 1855 to cast their fortunes in the young Republic, that afterward became the brightest star in the brilliant galaxy of States, have practically all passed to the Great Beyond.

We who now enjoy the rich and bountiful blessings of this great state owe a great debt to those pioneers, a debt we can never repay, but we should embalm in history their noble and self-sacrificing deeds to be treasured up for the coming generations.

Samuel E. Holland was one among the very first permanent settlers of Burnet County. He was born in Troupe County, Georgia, December 6, 1826. In December 1846 he, with others arrived in Northeast Texas, driving a spike team of three horses after a seventy-one days drive. Then following the drag of civilization in Texas they came to Austin, then a small village and camped for a time near where the great granite capitol now stands. The rumble of the Mexican War was charging the atmosphere at that time and Mr. Holland joined the ranks, going to Mexico immediately. He was in the battle of Buena Vista and was also engaged in other battles of that war. Indians were depredating and Mr. Holland's regiment was sent back to protect the frontier. He was engaged in several skirmishes with the Indians and was then honorably discharged from the army in 1848. He then came to Burnet County which was then on the Western Frontier. When he arrived, soldiers under Robert E. Lee were stationed at old Fort Croghan.

Mr. Holland liked the country and decided to, and did, purchase 1280 acres of land three miles south of the present town of Burnet, which is situated in Hamilton Valley. This tract of land was greatly desired by General McCullough. Mr. Holland paid fifty cents an acre for the land—today much of it is well worth $100 an acre. In the latter part of 1848 Mr. Holland with all his personal property, a mule and a wagon, moved to his land, later married, raised a family of fourteen children and prospered. In his declining years he divided the land among his children and others who now enjoy the blessings of our present generation.

The County of Burnet was organized in 1852 and Mr. Holland was the first Treasurer-Clerk of the county, and was the first man married in the organized county; married Miss Mary Scott in October 1852, and a son, George, was born to the union and he now is in his seventy-second year and bears the distinction of having been the first white child born in Burnet county. Mrs. Holland died March 3, 1855. In September 1855 Mr. Holland married Miss Clara Thomas. Ten children were born to that union, four boys and six girls. On Jan. 8, 1887, the second Mrs. Holland died and in September, 1887, Mr. Holland was again married, this time to Mrs. Susan A. McCarty. Three boys were born to that union.

Mr. Holland lived on his 1280 acre tract of land from the time of the purchase and engaged in farming and stock raising. He was elected to represent his district in the Legislature, serving until 1889 or 1890, when his eye sight began to fail; however he continued to take keen interest in politics and civic affairs.

Harking back to the earlier days of his life, Mr. Holland fought Indians on the frontier through Gillespie, Blanco Llano, Mason and Burnet Counties. During those earlier days the country was also infested with desperadoes and outlaws and he was quite a factor in helping to drive them out or bringing them within the confines of the law.

After the close of the Civil War Mr. Holland, ever the law abider and the law enforcer, helped carry his part of the country through the troublous days of reconstruction when Texas was infested with political Carpet-baggers, political sharks, scalawags and cut-throat bands. However, Mr. Holland was sharked out of some $70,000 during those times.

Sometime about 1869 Mr. Holland bought the Mormon Mill, which was located seven miles South of Burnet on the falls of Hamilton Creek, paying in the neighborhood of $3,500 for the entire property and moved his family there in August 1869, leasing his home

place to George P. Pankey, 1646 acres at $300 per year.

At that time Mormon Mill was the grinding place for the people from Williamson, Blanco, Gillespie, Llano and and Burnet Counties, some coming from Mason, San Saba and Lampasas counties. Many of these customers had to spend several days for coming and going to and from having their grinding done.

After sixteen months Mr. Holland sold the Mill to Jas. T. Moore for considerably more than he had paid for it. He then made arrangements with his leasors with provisions for moving back to his home place just south of Burnet.

While on his way to make such arrangements he encountered twenty-three Indians who had the day before raided the country in the old Smithwick Mill section, some fourteen miles down the Colorado River from the present town of Marble Falls, and in the raid had encountered some white children and negro children in a field. The children all succeeded in hiding out in the timber or undergrowth, except a negro girl who was captured and made prisoner.

Mr. Holland had heard of the raid and knew that the Indians were somewhere near and on the warpath, but supposed them to be somewhere to the South or Southwest.

The night before Mr. Holland was to to start to his old home just south of Burnet, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott and her son, Henry, had spent the night with him, and as he was preparing for the trip, Mrs. Scott, who lived on Oatmeal Creek some miles east from Mr. Holland, asked him to wait just a little while until she and her son could start, as part of the journey lay over the road which Mr. Holland was to travel. The three of them traveled together for some miles when they arrived at a point where their respective destinations lay in different directions, Mrs. Scott and her son, Henry, to turn or go on East, Mr. Holland then turned West across Hairston Creek and directly rode near, but did not see the Indians who had just stripped and stabbed to death the negro girl whom they had made prisoner the day before. While this was taking place Mr. Holland rode leisurely along, headed North and as the wind was from the North he did not hear the Indians until they were close behind him. Thinking he heard a rumbling as if rapidly running horses were somewhere near, he looked back and saw the Indians coming. Spurring his fat, lazy, bay pony into a run, and reaching for his old Navy Colt, loaded with only four cartridges, he found it hung in his holster, the Indians having first let him ride on until he came out on a sparsely timbered hill, so finding himself with all odds against him, he continued to spur his pony and finally succeeded in unloosing his pistol from the holster. By that time seven Indians on horseback, armed with pistols were almost upon the heels of his pony. Two of the Indians were riding faster horses than was Mr. Holland and ran up on each side of him, shooting all the while, the five just behind doing likewise, and Mr. Holland using all four of his cartridges with no more on his person, although he had powder and caps. Of all the shots fired none took effect unless it was Mr. Holland's last shot. He thought his last shot probably took effect in the body of the horse ridden by the Indian who rode almost against Mr. Holland's left side.

The other sixteen were probably armed with bows and arrows but were behind the other seven. As Mr. Holland sped on he recognized old negro Mingo Dale who was headed toward the cedar brakes from whence Mr. Holland had come. Old Mingo had heard the shooting and had stopped his wagon and team to look and listen. As Mr. Holland passed he shouted "Get to the brush." By that time Mingo had turned his team and had taken a pecan standard from his wagon frame and was flaying his team with all his might, the team running at full speed, the wagon hitting the road in high places. The Indians were then shooting at the negro, and Mr. Holland was probably 150 or 200 yards ahead looking back watching the savages, for he did not have any more loads in his pistol. Mingo kept flaying his team but never drew his pistol, as the Indians drew closer, Mingo yelled "For God Almighty's sake Mr. Holland, go to the brush or the Indians will get us sure." By that time Mr. Holland was very near the edge of a dense thicket. He jumped from his horse and ran into it, a moment or two more and Mingo jumped from his wagon and joined Mr. Holland, his team still going full speed up the road. Mr. Holland told

Mingo to hand him some bullets for his pistol, these Mr. Holland whittled down to fit his empty Navy Colt's, for Mr. Holland and Mingo expected to give fight from the thicket. Strange though it happened, the Indians continued the flight after Mingo's fleeing team, finally caught them, cut them loose from the wagon and went on up the pathway. After waiting some little time in the thicket, Mr. Holland and Mingo came cautiously out of the thicket and went on up the road some seven or eight hundred yards to where Mr. Holland's widowed sister, Mrs. Ruda Covington, lived with several grown sons. There he secured another horse and a rifle and then sent Mingo on the run to the little village of Burnet to tell men of the encounter and for them to form a band of men to head toward the North Gabriel out North and East of the little town, for Mr. Holland's opinion was that the Indians headed that way, but as we shall see he miscalculated upon their maneuverings.

After leaving his sister's home and after having sent Mingo to give warning, Mr. Holland proceeded on his way to the old home place. Meanwhile the Indians had turned Eastward about three-fourths of a mile and had come together for a consultation and in the meanwhile two negroes, who had been to old Mormon Mill for grinding the day before, were jogging along walking by their ox teams and had at that time arrived near to where the Indians had come together. The negroes had a dog with them and their dog scented the Indian band and gave the alarm. The negroes then saw the Indians and broke to run to the little settlement just west of them. The Indians gave chase and soon it was a race for life. The negroes out ran for some distance, jumped a fence, screaming at the top of their voices as they ran toward two or three houses situated near Coon Spring. The men-folk of the little settlement were all off from home that day at work, most of them away down in the cedar-brakes.

Mr. Holland, who was then riding on the North, heard the screaming of the negroes. Of course he supposed it was caused by the Indians from whom he had just escaped. He wheeled his horse, felt for his pistol and sped toward the screaming, for he knew it would never do to let the Indians reach the little settlement, for the women were alone and he could not hope for re-enforcements. He intended to meet them before they reached the first house, which was occupied by the Coon family. As he raced toward the screaming negroes, the advance Indians saw Mr. Holland, and recognized him and fell back. No doubt in their savage minds they regarded him as an uncanny specimen of white flesh, since the fierce battle with him earlier in the morning had proved his a miraculous escape from their fusillade of shots at such close range. Meanwhile Farrel Coon and Henry Pankey, the two negroes, came up all but scared to death and out of breath. Mr. Holland asked, "Why didn't you shoot?" for they were both well armed. They replied, "Oh, Mr. Holland, them thar' Injuns didn't give us time." They then went to the nearest house, occupied by the Coon family, and found that one of the women had fainted from excitement. They helped the other inmates of the house revive her and then Mr. Holland and one of the negroes started on toward the place to which Mr. Holland had early that morning started, they being within less than one mile of it. Mr. Holland sent the negro out East across Hay Branch to hunt for his horse. The negro found a horse almost dead which the Indians had left and later another horse was found that had been ridden down and left. The men whom Mr. Holland had bade Negro Mingo to warn to band and go to North Gabriel had gone but missed running upon the Indians for the savages had turned west crossing Hamilton Creek at Government Crossing, some four and one-half miles southwest of the town of Burnet, thence on into Llano county, plundering, murdering and burning as they went through the sparsely settled country. On that raid the Whitlock family of the Eastern part of Llano county were murdered. Mr. Whitlock was far out from a settlement and had taken up land on the Indians' main passage way and in revenge they found Mr. Whitlock plowing in the field, killed and scalped him and took his team. It is supposed that his wife and four or five children saw or heard the Indians when they came upon the husband and father in the field and their screaming caused the Indians to find them, murder them and then burn the house. Some people

thought that one of the little Whitlock boys was taken prisoner, as no trace of him was found in the burned ruins, and though search for him through the reservations failed to reveal any trace of him, the supposition was that he was killed on the way to the reservations, his body buried and covered with rocks or else burned.

The tracing of this noted Indian raid took place December 6 and 7, 1870. Mr. Holland's encounter taking place December 6, 1870.

Samuel E. Holland, the pioneer, the Indian fighter, the war veteran, the desperado and outlaw chaser, the politician, the law abider, the law enforcer and the civic leader was in some way or the other closely linked to the history of Burnet county from 1848 until his death on November 19, 1917.

May the old pioneer rest in peace!

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

When within three or four hundred yards of our lines our artillery opened upon them with grape and cannister shot, with deadly effect,—but still their advance was unchecked, until their foremost ranks were in actual contact in some places with the bayonets of our men. But the fire at close quarters from our muskets and rifles was so rapid and destructive, that before long they fell back in confusion, leaving the ground covered in places with horses and dead men.

Capt. D—'s company of Kentucky riflemen and one or two small detachments from other companies formed one side of our "square,' and in addition to our rifles, each man in the front rank was furnished with musket and bayonet to repel the charge of cavalry. Besides my rifle and musket I had slung across my shoulders an "escopeta," a short light "blunderbuss" used by the Mexican cavalry, which I had carried all day in expectation of a fight, and which was heavily charged with forty "blue whistlers" and powder in proportion. It was my intention only to fire it when in a very "tight place," for I was well aware it was nearly as dangerous behind it as before. In the charge made by the Mexican cavalry they nearly succeeded in breaking our lines at several places, and certainly they would have done so had we not taken the precaution of arming all in the front row with bayonet and musket. At one time it was almost a hand to hand fight between cavalry and our front rank, but the two files in the rear poured such a continuous fire upon the advancing columns, that, as I have said, they were finally driven back in disorder. It was during this charge and when the Mexican cavalry on our side of the square were in a few feet of us, that I concluded that I had got into that "tight place" and that it was time to let off the "scopet" I carried. I did so, and immediately I went heels over head through both ranks behind me. One or two came to my assistance supposing no doubt I was shot (and in truth I thought for a moment myself that a two ounce bullet had struck me) but I soon rose to my feet and took my place in the line again just as the cavalry began to fall back. Now, I don't assert that it was the forty "blue whistlers" I had that caused them to retreat in confusion. sent among them from my "scopet" I merely mention the fact that they did fall back very soon after I had let off the blunderbuss among them. My shoulder was black and blue from the recoil for a month afterwards. When I took my place in the line again, I never looked for my "scopet", but contented myself while the fight lasted with my rifle.

The Mexicans had no doubt supposed they would be able to break our lines at the first charge, and were evidently much disconcerted by their failure to do so; for although they reformed their broken columns and made two more attempts to charge us, they were driven back as soon as they came within close range of our small arms.

When they were satisfied that it was impossible for them to break our lines, the cavalry dismounted and surrounding us in open order, they commenced

a fusilade upon us with their muskets and escopetas, but being very poor marksmen, most of their bullets passed harmless over our heads. Besides this was a game at which we could play also, and for every man killed or wounded on our side I am confident that two or three Mexicans fell before the deadly fire from our rifles. But there were with the Mexicans probably a hundred or so Carise Indians, who were much braver. They boldly advanced to the front, and taking advantage of every little inequality of the ground and every bunch of grass that could afford them particular cover, they would crawl up closely and fire upon us, and now and then the discharge of their long single barrel shot guns was followed by the fall of some one in our ranks. Four of them had crawled up behind some bunches of tall grass within eighty yards of us, from whence they delivered their fire with telling effect. Capt. D— who was using a heavy Kentucky ribe, and was known to be one of the best marksmen in his company, was requested to silence these Indians. He took a position near a gun carriage, and whenever one of the Indians showed his head above the tall grass it was perforated with an ounce rifle ball, and after four shots they were seen no more. At the moment he fired the last shot Capt.D— had one of the fingers of his right hand taken off by a musket ball. When the Mexicans quit the field, we examined the locality whre these Indians had secreted themselves, and found the four lying closely together, each one with a bullet hole through his head.

At the commencement of the fight a little incident of a somewhat ludicrous character occurred. We had some five or six Mexican prisoners (the couriers of the old padre, captured at Carlos' Ranch). These we had placed within the square, when the fight began for safe keeping, and in an incredibly short time, with picks and shovels, they dug a trench deep enough to "hole" themselves, where they lay "perdue" and completely protected from bullets. I for one, however didn't blame them, as they were noncombatants, and besides, to tell the truth, when bullets were singing like mad hornets around, and men were struck down near me, I had a great inclnation to "hole up" myself and draw it in after me.

The fight continued in a desultory kind of way, until near sunset, when we made a sortie upon the dismounted cavalry, and they hastily remounted and fell back to the timber to our left, where, as soon as it was dark, a long line of fires indicated the position of their encampment.

That night was anything but rest for us, for anticipating a renewal of the fight the next morning, all hands were set to work digging entrenchments, and throwing up embankments, and at this we laboured unceasingly till nearly daylight. We dug four trenches enclosing a square large enough to contain our whole force, throwing the earth on the outside, on which we placed our baggage and everything else available, that might help to protect us from the bullets of the enemy.

Before we began this work, however Col. Fannin made a short speech to the men, in which he told them that in his opinion, the only way of extricating themselves from the difficulty they were in, was to retreat after dark to the timber on th Colleto, and cut their way through the enemey's lines should they attempt to oppose the movement. He told them there was no doubt they would be able to do this, as the enemy had evidently been greatly demoralized by the complete failure of the attack they had made upon us. He said, moreover, that the necessity for a speedy retreat was the more urgent, as it was more than probable that the Mexicans would be heavily reinforced during the night. He concluded by saying that if a majority were in favor of retreating preparations would be made to leave as soon as it was dark enough to conceal our movements from the enemy. But we had about seventy men wounded (most of them badly) and as almost everyone had some friend or relative among them, after a short consultation upon the subject, it was unanimously determined not to abandon our wounded men, but to remain with them and share their fate, whatever it might be.

Our loss in the Coleto fight was ten killed and about seventy wounded (Col. Fannin among the latter), and most of them badly, owing to the size of the balls thrown by the Mexican escopetas, and the shotguns of the Indians. The number of our casualties was extremely small considering the force of the enemy, and

the duration of the fight, which began about three o'clock and lasted till nearly sunset. I can only account for it by the fact that the Mexicans were very poor marksmen, and that their powder was of a very inferior quality. There was scarcely a man in the whole command who had not been struck by one or more spent balls, which, in place of mere bruises would have afflicted dangerous or fatal wounds if the powder used by the Mexicans had been better.

I can never forget how slowly the hours of that dismal night passed by. The distressing cries of our wounded men begging for water when there was not a drop to give them, were continually ringing in my ears. Even those who were not wounded, but were compelled to work all night in the trenches, suffered exceedingly with thirst. Even after we had fortified our position as well as we could, we had but little hopes of being able to defend ourselves, should the Mexicans as we apprehended, receive reinforcements during the night, for we had but one or two rounds of ammunition left for the cannon, and what remained for the small arms was not sufficient for a protracted struggle.

Some time during the night it was ascertained that three of our men (whose names I have orgotten) had deserted, and shortly afterwards as a volley of musketry was heard between us and the timber on the Coleto, they were no doubt discovered and shot by the Mexican patrol.

Daylight at last appeared, and before the sun had risen we saw that the Mexican forces were in motion, and evidently preparing to make another attack upon us. When fairly out of the timber, we soon discovered that they had been heavily reinforced during the night. In fact, as we subsequently learned from the Mexicans themselves, a detachment of seven hundred and fifty cavalry and an artillery company had joined them shortly after retreat to the timber. In the fight of the previous day they had one cannon.

They moved down upon us in four divisions, and when within five or six hundred yards, they unlimbered their field pieces (two brass nine pounders) and opened fire upon us. We did not return their fire, because as I have said we had only one or two rounds of ammunition left for our cannon, and the distance was too great for small arms. Their shot, however, all went over us, and besides, the breast works we had thrown up would have protected us, even if their guns had been better aimed. We expected momentarily that the cavalry would charge us and after firing several rounds from their nine pounders, an officer accompanied by a soldier bearing a white flag, rode out towards us, and by signs gave us to understand that he desired a "parley". Major Wallace and several other officers went out and met him about half way between our "fort" and the Mexican lines. The substance of the Mexican officer's communication (as I understood at the time) was to the effect "that Gen. Urrea, the commander of the Mexican forces being anyious to avoid the useless shedding of blood (seeing we were now completely in his power,) would guarantee to Col. Fannin and his men, on his word of honour as an officer and gentleman, that we would be leniently dealt with, provided we surrendered as discretion, without further attempt at hopeless resistance." When this message was delivered to Col. Fannin, he sent word back to the officer "to say to Gen. Urrea, it was a waste of time to discuss the subject of surrendering at discretion—that he would fight as long as there was a man left to fire a gun before he would surrender at such terms."

A little while afterwards the Mexicans again made a show of attacking us, but just as we were expecting them to charge, Gen. Urrea himself rode out in front of his lines accompanied by several of his officers and the soldier with the white flag. Col. Fannin and Major Wallace went out to meet them, and the terms of capitulation were finally agreed upon, the most important of which was, that we should be held as prisoners of war until exchanged, or liberated on our parole of honor not to engage in the war again—at the option of the Mexican commander in chief. There were minor articles included in it, such as that our side arms should be retained, etc.

When the terms of capitulation had been fully decided upon, Gen. Urrea and his secretary and interpreter came into our lines with Col. Fannin, where it was reduced to writing, and an English translation given to Col. Fannin which was read to our men. I am thus particular in stating what I know to be the facts in

regard to this capitulation, because I have seen it stated that Gen. Santa Anna always asserted there was no capitulation, and that Col. Fannin surrendered at discretion to Gen. Urrea. This assertion I have no doubt was made to justify as far as possible his order for the cold blooded murder of disarmed prisoners. Gen. Urrea, I believe, never denied the fact of the capitulation, and I have been informed, when the order was sent by Santa Anna to execute the prisoners, he refused to carry it into effect, and turned over the command to a subaltern.

I have always believed myself that Gen. Urrea entered into the capitulation with Col. Fannin in good faith, and that the massacre of the prisoners, which took place some days afterwards, was by the express order of Santa Anna, and against the remonstrances of Gen. Urrea. If Gen. Urrea had intended to act treacherously, the massacre, in my opinion, would have taken place as soon as we had delivered up our arms, when we were upon an open prairie, surrounded by a large force of cavalry, where it would have been impossible for a single soul to have escaped

I have said nothing as yet of the Mexican loss in the fight and I cannot do so with any certainty, of my own knowledge; but there is no doubt it was much greater than ours. They told us after we had surrendered that we had killed and wounded several hundred. Dr. Joseph Barnard, our assistant surgeon, who was saved from the massacre to attend their wounded, told me afterwards that he was confident we had killed and wounded between three and four hundred, and his opportunities for forming a correct estimate of the number were certainly better than those of any one else.

After our surrender we were marched back to Goliad, escorted by a large detachment of cavalry, and there confined within the walls surrounding the old mission.

Among the Mexican officers there was a lieutenant by the name of Martinez, who had been educated at a Catholic college in Kentucky, where he had been a room-mate of a member of Capt. D—'s company, by the name of B—. Every day whilst we were prisoners he used to come and talk with B—, and professed his great regret to find him in such a situation, but he never gave him the slightest intimation of the treacherous designs of the Mexicans, nor, as far as I know, made the least effort to save his college room-mate.

A day or so after our return as prisoners to Goliad, Maj. Ward and his battalion, or rather those who survived the engagement they had with the Mexicans, near Refugio, were brought in and confined with us, within the walls enclosing the old mission; and also a company of about eighty men under the command of Maj. Miller, who had been surprised and captured at Copano just after they had landed from their vessel. These men were also confined with us, but kept separate from the rest, and to distinguish them, each had a white cloth tied around one of his arms. At the time, I had no idea why this was done.

The morning of the sixth day after our return to Goliad, whether the Mexicans suspected we intended to rise upon the guard, or whether they merely wished to render our situation as uncomfortable as possible, I know not, but at any rate from that time we were confined in the old mission, where we were so crowded we had hardly room to lie down at night. Our rations too, about that time, had been reduced to five ounces of fresh beef a day, which we had to cook in the best way we could and eat without salt.

Although, thus closely confined and half starved, no personal indignity was ever offered to us to my knowledge, except on two occasions. Once a Mexican soldier pricked one of our men with his bayonet, because he did not talk quite fast enough to suit him, whereupon he turned and knocked the Mexican down with his fist. I fully expected to see him roughly handled for this "overt act," but the officer in command of the guard, who saw the whole affair, came up to him and patting him on the shoulder, told him he was "muy bravo," and that he did exactly right. At another time one of our men was complaining to the officer of the guard of the ration issued to him, who ordered one of the soldiers to collect a quantity of bones and other offal lying around, and throwing them on the ground before the man, said, "There, eat as much as you want—good enough for Gringoes and heretics."

(To Be Continued.)

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Writes of Other Days.

The following letter was written to Frontier Times by Mr. W. E. Gilliland, editor of the Baird Star, and we believe it will be of interest to many of our readers:

"Dear Mr. Hunter:—Recently my brother, S. H. Gilliland, tick inspector at Unoin Stock Yards, San Antonio, sent me the January number, so I decided to subscribe. I am a newspaper man myself. Have been in the game 38 years in this (Callahan) county, 37 years with the Baird Star, which I founded in December 1887. I spent many years on the Texas frontier in Brown county. My father moved to that county in 1860. Mother died there in July, 1861, and the war having broken out we moved back to our old home in Washington county. I made a number of trips back to Brown county from 1866 to 1870, when I came back to stay. Worked on a cattle ranch in 1871, married in 1872, and lived there until 1882, when I moved to this county.

"Looking back over the past, it seems strange that I never saw a wild Indian, though I traveled over the frontier a great deal, one trip alone with an ox-team to Austin after lumber to floor my new log house. This was in 1873. The last battle with the Indians was fought in Brown county that year by Capt. W. J. Maltby's company of Texas Rangers on Clear Creek.

"My father came to Texas about 1838, and the first thing he did was to enlist in the Texas army to fight the Cherokee Indians. The article in your January number by J. H. Greenwood mentions a Mr. Martin who was shot in the mouth in one of the battles with the Indians in that war. I am not sure that father was in that battle, but I think he was. I heard him relate the incident when I was a small boy, but never met George Martin, the man mentioned, until about 1882 when I moved to this county. Uncle George Martin lived many years in the west part of Callahan county, where he died some twenty-five years ago. His brother, John Martin, married my father's sister, and they all lived in Angelina county in the early days. Both of my grandfathers came to Texas in an early day, one about 1837, the other in 1842, so I came of pioneer stock on both sides.

"I may send you an article later on early days, if you wish, though my own personal experience was very commonplace, yet many of my neighbors had some thrilling experiences, and one of them, Mr. McReynolds, who had charge of Grandfather's cattle in Brown county, was killed by Indians near Camp Colorado, on the Jim Ned, in Coleman county, in 1866. Another neighbor, John McPeters, was wounded in a battle with the Indians on the Clear Fork of the Brazos while on a buffalo hunt; another neighbor woman was killed with her little child near where the town of Bangs is now situated in Brown county. This was in 1872. The child was not killed dead, but thrown into the fire and so badly burned that it died some weeks after. Her little daughter about twelve yars old, was taken captive by the Indians. Her dead body was found some days later by a party in pursuit of the savage devils. The body was hung up in a large tree with her mother's side-saddle over her head, probably to protect it from the buzzards. This was Bill Williams' family, and I believe was the last Indian murders in Brown county. The body of the little girl was found on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, over a hundred miles from the scene of the murder.

"I have been a farmer, merchant, ox-team driver, held various county offices, served as deputy sheriff in early days, killed deer, bear, and buffalo in unknown numbers. I still have my faithful old winchester rifle that I carried in frontier days, but have not fired it for 38 years. I had some exciting times and many amusing incidents, but all were taken at the time as merely a part of the life we lived in a sparsely settled frontier where every man relied on himself and his guns for protection. Talk about hardships of frontier days! Well, yes, we had them, but we had much pleasure as well. No nobler of freer-hearted people ever lived than the old Texas frontiersmen. Nearly all are dead and gone now, God rest their souls. I belonged to the younger set, and now I am starting in my 77th year."

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